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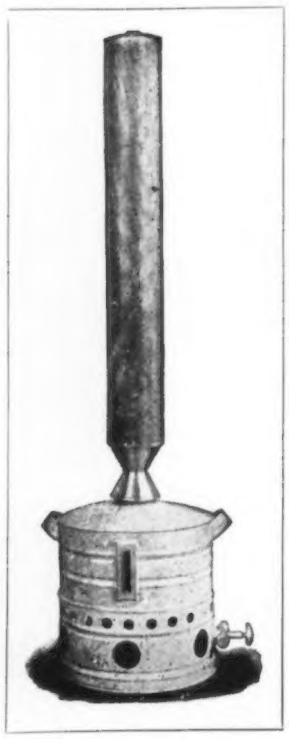

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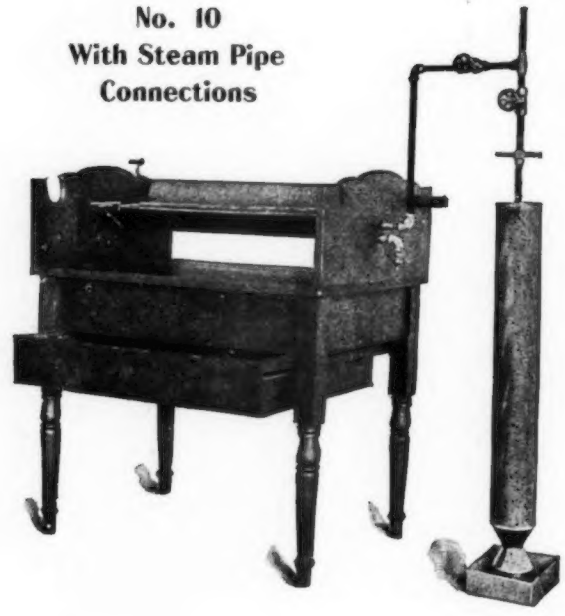

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DISTINCTION, elegance and neatness of finish are the prevailing characteristics of the early models in tailor mades. And it is good that it should be so, because it brings us nearer to the original tailor made which was chiefly conspicuous for quality of material and workmanship, and this has entirely been lost sight of during the last few seasons, when the tailor made was so richly and elaborately trimmed that it bore no resemblance to its conservative, aristocratic predecessors. Now, it seems, we are once more returning to it, its original severity softened with a touch here and a line there, the result of our experience, so that a really charming mode has been evolved.

One of the principal features consists of inverted tucks or folds, which may be placed a certain distance apart or be so close together that their edges almost touch, these are known in technical parlance as slot seams, and not infrequently an inset band of contrasting color and even material forms the dividing line between the folds, and adds very much to the appearance of the gown. These slot seams are employed wherever feasible, and are seen on skirts and jackets as well as on entire costumes. Their use is manifold, and as an instance attention is called to Nos. 590, 591 and 618 of the current number.

* * *

As far as the shape of the skirts is concerned, the clinging effect at the hips is still adhered to, also the becoming and generous flare toward the bottom, and gored models seem to be preferred. Panel fronts are also liked, as they give height to the figure, and at the sides and back one or two narrow shaped flounces are seen, which not only add very much to the appearance of the skirt, but serve to emphasize the panel front. All the new skirts, in whatever manner they are cut and trimmed, have one tendency: to make the figure as sylph-like as possible above the knees and as fluffy and full as possible below. Everything which can give height and slenderness is to be done, and bewildering enough are the many modes of accomplishing this most desired result. There is nothing especially new in this idea, for it has been the one aim and purpose of fashion for some time. But in this, as in everything else in life, experience teaches many lessons, and we are finding, in fashions, many new ways of presenting old ideas. One thing is surely true of the present fashion, and that is if the success of a costume is to be gaged by the amount of attention it attracts, every consideration must be given to the silhouette it presents; outline first and detail afterward.

Of course, much of the perfection in this particular depends on the woman, her figure and the manner in which she carries herself. Still, it remains an undisputed fact that perpendicular lines of trimming in bands and tucking, give the appearance of height and sometimes add grace as well.

* * *

The idea, which prevailed a short time ago, of improving the habit back by the addition of, or, rather, the covering of the back seam, with a long band, varying between one and three inches, has again given place to the inverted plaits, as the majority of models show this mode of arranging the fulness in back.

Another skirt which is very attractive is shown in one of the illustrations; it has a hip yoke and just this finds favor in all kinds of skirts, as it serves the purpose so well of a close-fitting effect at the top.

As for jackets, which are such an important part of the tailor suit, they are very attractive indeed. Most all are finished with a short basque frill, shaped to fit the hips, with just the slightest elongation in front. In some the fronts are bloused, much or little, as may be most becoming to the figure, and not infrequently this blouse effect is accomplished by two box plaits, one on either side of the front, and in others the rolling revers are shaped in such a manner that a slightly bloused effect is the result.

An entire novelty and one that will appeal at once to the artistic eye, is the Directoire Eton front, which is particularly adapted for early Fall wear, as it can be worn open and closed. The jacket may be cut without or with the short basque and the belt, but the fronts are cut in such a manner that they are entirely separate from the basque, and when open turn back to form wide revers. A trim coat-collar completes this model.

Double-breasted effects are seen to some extent, but the popular fly-front, with small revers and coat collar, is also much liked, especially for the separate jacket that is not be worn with any particular costume.

In sleeves the general coat shape prevails, sometimes showing merely the suggestion of a flare, and variously finished with a wide turned-back cuff of velvet, or with a narrow cuff set on at the lower edge of the sleeve and slashed in back, while for some models the blouse sleeve is preferred.

Fancy and *outre* collars are, for the moment, eclipsed by the staid and dignified coat collar that is worn with equal preference by the stately dowager, and the gay, sunny-eyed bud. And next to this is no collar at all.

* * *

Trimmings seem to be still in their infancy, although it is pretty certain that braids of all kinds, *grelots*, passementerie and tassels will be evident throughout the entire season. Tassels especially will be much in vogue. For the present mohair and fancy braids are much employed, also the cord brandenburgs, that give such a military effect to the coat, and look particularly well on our tall, athletic American girl. Cord tied in loops and fastened with a cord button in double-breasted style on jackets is much favored; also a line of cord defining the shoulder seam and falling, epaulette fashion, on the sleeve. Straps are seen to some extent, especially in the form of cut-out cloth bands applied to revers and cuffs. Quite some vogue is predicted for buttons, and velvet straps, faced with the material of the gown, put on in such a way that the overlapping part may be either of velvet or of cloth.

HANDSOME VISITING GOWNS.

(Described on page 44.)

THE SECOND VIOLIN.

From the French of Auguste Vitu.

By ALYS HALLARD.

WHILE I was staying at W—— I never missed one single performance at the opera. There was a *chef-d'œuvre* given every night: "The Freischütz," "The Huguenots," "Robert le Diable," "Don Juan," "The Magic Flute," etc. All of these operas were well put on, great attention being paid to every detail, so that the whole result was all that could be desired.

I do not for a moment say that the artistes were irreproachable, and there were certainly not many good soloists in the large orchestra, but yet they all seemed to understand the thing they were performing, and to observe most scrupulously the lights and shades as the composer had meant them, and as, perhaps, only a German or an Italian orchestra ever does observe them. The baritone, for instance, did not attempt to drown the tenor, nor the tenor the prima donna; so that the general effect was most satisfactory.

One evening when "The Huguenots" was being given, I set myself to follow the orchestra in the development of the piece. It is a most enjoyable occupation to analyze a piece and to study it note by note when one knows the score thoroughly. It always seems to me that in doing this, one has the same kind of pleasure as when, after riding on horseback through a forest, one returnes to explore it more thoroughly, and to gather the flowers which one had not noticed the first time.

My place was in the first row of the orchestra stalls, so that I could lean on the balustrade which separated me from the musicians, and when the contra-bass was played I could feel the vibration in my arms. To my left were the wind instruments, and just in front of me the second violins. Among the latter I had noticed the very first night a young man, whose happy-looking face caused me some surprise.

To my mind there is nothing more unsatisfactory than the part which the second violin takes. All the lovely melodies belong to the first violin, and, then, as though out of compassion, every now and then the seconds are permitted to attempt a kind of imitation of the air, then some arpeggios, and the strings are pulled and almost beaten like a drum, while the melody itself is taken up by some other instrument. It seems to me, then, that the second violins, condemned thus to do all the filling in, all the servile work, as it were, must get morose, taciturn and spiteful, and I came to the conclusion that this one in the orchestra of the theatre of W—— must be an exception to the rule.

He was young and handsome; he had an oval-shaped face; soft, light curly hair, and such happy-looking blue eyes. He appeared to play with the greatest ease, evidently knowing all by heart, as he only glanced every now and then carelessly at the score. His eyes, and evidently his thoughts, too, were elsewhere.

Very soon I thought I had found out, at any rate, where his thoughts were. He was seated to the right of the stage, and, consequently, was exactly opposite the stage-box on the left. He could see everything which went on in this box, and I noticed that he took advantage of his opportunities.

Of course there was a woman in the said box, and I observed that she was quite young and very beautiful. She was, perhaps, just a trifle overdressed for anyone so young. The diamonds in her hair flashed every time she moved, and she appeared to be paying just about as much attention to the stage as the young violinist did to his score. Once I just happened to be looking at them when their eyes met, and I saw that her cheeks turned pale just as though all the blood in her veins had suddenly rushed to her heart, while a flush came over the young musician's pale face.

During the interval I overheard several snatches of conversation around me which enlightened me partially. Two young men, who were looking through their glasses into the box on the left of the stage, spoke of this beautiful girl as the Countess Ulrica von Hanzig, and I knew that that family was a branch of the reigning house of W——.

As I said, though, the information only partially enlightened me, for if the beautiful woman with her flashing diamonds were of such high birth, how was it that she could be so interested in a poor violinist? For interested she was, I felt sure of that from the glance I had seen pass between them.

I immediately began to build up in my own mind a little romance, with the Countess Ulrica and the second violin of the orchestra for my heroine and hero. Every time the curtain fell I noticed that my young friend, instead of going out with his fellow-musicians, simply put down his instrument, leaned back in his chair, and gazed up at his idol. This was certainly strange, especially considering that the Countess Ulrica was not alone in her box. There was an elderly man with her, probably either her father or her husband; and he must surely have noticed the admiration expressed on the young violinist's face. It seemed to me once that the elderly man was smiling at him, but afterwards I thought that must surely have been my imagination. Anyhow, the whole affair seemed to me rather mysterious and very interesting to watch.

When the curtain rose, I became so absorbed in the opera, that I completely forgot the Countess Ulrica, but as luck would have it, when I went home that night I was doomed to see something else of the little comedy. I was walking leisurely down the wide staircase at the close of the opera, and as I was in no particular hurry, I had stepped aside two or three times to let some of the pushing, scrambling people get out, when I saw in front of me the Countess Ulrica. She was just getting into her carriage as I reached the door, and the elderly man took his seat beside her. The carriage-door was left open, and I noticed that the young Countess kept leaning forward as though looking out for some one.

Presently the violinist I had been watching during the opera appeared on the scene, carrying his instrument in its case under his arm. He stepped into the carriage, sat down opposite the young Countess, took both her hands in his, and then the carriage moved away.

After this, every night I used to watch this trio at the opera, and it seemed to me that the Countess and the violinist were evidently more and more in love with each other every evening, but, of course, I had no means of getting to the bottom of the mystery. One evening, I found that my usual place was occupied by a young officer, who appeared to be the center of attraction to a little group of the most dandified men in W——. The officer was fair, and just the type of a Hanoverian. He looked half German, half English, was very handsome, and had that high and mighty, rather consequential air which women adore, and which exasperates beyond endurance all other men.

I took the nearest seat I could get to my own, and I could not help overhearing the conversation of the little group. It was the usual kind of club talk—horses, women and society gossip. I could gather from the young officer's questions that he had only arrived that day in W——, after being garrisoned in some other town. Without wishing it in the least, I thus became acquainted with all the gossip going among the high life of W——.

Just before the curtain rose, the door of the box on the left of the stage opened and the Countess Ulrica entered, with the elderly man, who appeared to follow her about like her shadow. She was more beautiful than ever that night, and I noticed that her appearance caused quite a sensation. I also observed that many people glanced from her to the young violinist, and several ladies put their fans up to hide their smiles. The officer who had taken my place seemed more surprised than anyone else. He put his eye-glass on, and then I heard him explain:

"By Jove! if there isn't my cousin Ulrica! Let me pass, you fellows: I must go up and speak to her."

The fair-haired warrior went away with a most self-complacent expression on his handsome face, and a minute or two later he appeared in the box in question, evidently to the Countess Ulrica's surprise. He put on a most familiar, almost affectionate, manner, and appeared to be talking to her most confidentially. He had all his trouble for nothing, though, as she kept looking at her violinist. I happened to glance at him, too, just as the officer was leaning forward

FOR CHURCH OR CALLING.

(Described on page 44.)

and saying something to the young countess in the most confidential manner. The violinist's face flushed, and he frowned ominously.

One of my friends who has a great fancy for chemistry said to me one day:

"I do not know anything that has a stronger freezing power than a woman's disdain; in some instances, and under special circumstances, I am sure a woman could ice a bottle of champagne by only looking at it."

That night I had an example of the truth of what my friend asserted, for the refrigerating influence of the Countess Ulrica on the young officer was wonderful. I noticed that he seemed to lose his self-assurance and was reduced to fumbling with his gloves, and when he left the box and came down again to his place he was stroking his mustache nervously.

"Stolberg has had the cold shoulder to-night!" remarked one of the dandies, just before the young officer returned; and the others nodded.

Stolberg, however, not knowing that he had just been the subject of remark, said, as he sat down:

"Why, just think, my cousin Ulrica is married!"

"Ah!" said one of the other young men, half-condescendingly and in a half-jesting tone.

"She gave me the cold shoulder, quite, and I should like to know whether she is angry or whether it was just indifference!"

No one answered, but most of us glanced at the young musician, who was at that moment brandishing his bow over the strings with all the energy of a savage cutting his enemy's throat. There was an awkward pause, and then one of the young officer's friends remarked:

"Then your beautiful cousin was by no means gushing just now, Stolberg?"

"No, indeed, Max, and it is all the more strange that she should behave in that way to *me*, as it is certainly the first time she has treated me coldly."

"Since her marriage, you mean?"

"Why, of course, considering that that event has taken place during my absence, and that I was not even informed of it. The question is: Was the marriage arranged for her against her will? I am inclined to think it was, although she did not tell me so."

The second violin at this moment introduced some chords into the "Freischütz" which would certainly have astonished Weber, and I could see that one or two of Stolberg's friends were on thorns, but they did not dare to say anything lest the whole affair should end in a scene.

The young officer looked furious, and it was easy to see that he was jealous of his cousin's husband.

"Do any of you know this famous Count von Hanzig?" he asked, presently, trying to appear to speak carelessly.

His friends glanced at each other; some of them were annoyed at the turn the affair had taken, while the others were enjoying the idea of the forthcoming scandal immensely.

"Ah! I see by your silence that he does not belong to our society, whoever he may be. Who on earth can have advised Ulrica to make such an insane sort of marriage?"

The young musician rose from his seat and advancing toward Stolberg said, very distinctly:

"I am the Count von Hanzig."

There was a cry from some one in the box on the left of the stage, the people in the orchestra stalls rose in confusion, and the opera was interrupted. There was such a buzz of voices that I could not catch all that passed between the two men, but I did gather that the violinist refused the offer of two or three of the young dandies who wished to act as his seconds.

"No, thank you, gentlemen," he said proudly; "I do not care to have any of you who did not think it worth while to interfere before I was insulted, and especially as you doubtless consider that 'I do not belong to your society,' as Herr von Stolberg said. No, I should prefer a poor musician like I am myself, and I would not refuse a perfect stranger who would offer me his hand loyally."

"Then will you take me?" I said, pushing my way past one or two of the young men. "I have overheard the whole of the affair."

He grasped my hand and shook it cordially. I gave him my card with my address, and turning to Stolberg, he said:

"We shall see each other to-morrow," and then, without another word, he disappeared through the low orchestra door.

I glanced at the stage box and saw that they were carrying the Countess Ulrica out, for she had fainted.

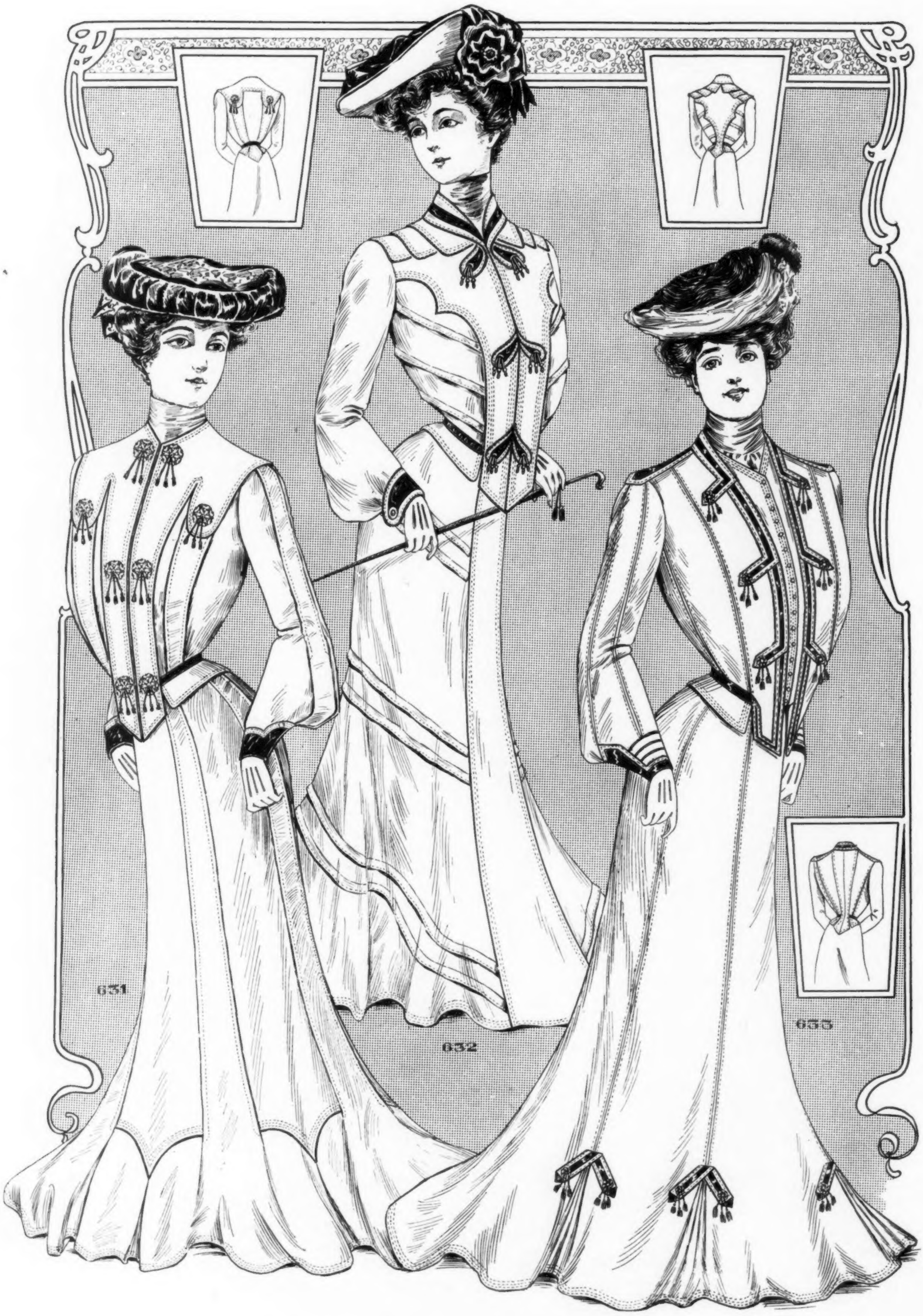
It is three years ago since all this happened, and to this day I cannot tell what induced me to mix myself up in a quarrel which was certainly not my business at all. I was interested in the young violinist, indignant with his adversary, and then, too, I felt curious to know more about this romantic marriage, so that all these motives together caused me to act on the impulse of the moment. I had put up in the Dorothea Strasse, and it was there that Count Albert von Hanzig came to call upon me the next morning at 8 o'clock.

"I want to tell you something about myself," he said, as he took the chair I placed for him; "you must forgive my abruptness, but my time now is so precious."

I was going to interrupt him, but he stopped me and said:

"I understand that out of delicacy you want to tell me that it is not necessary for me to confide in you, but I should all the same prefer to do so. You have generously taken up the cudgels on my behalf, although I am a perfect stranger to you. It is only right that you should, at any rate, know something about the man

Charming coat of tan cloth arranged in tucks, facing of white satin trimmed with scrolls and tassels, triple cape effect threaded with velvet ribbon. New standing collar with deep turned-over points. The sleeves are tucked and are completed with wide turned-back cuffs. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.



FOR THE FIRST COOL DAYS.

(Described on page 44.)

whose part you have taken. It must certainly appear strange to you to find the Count von Hanzig acting as second violin in the theater of W—— at a salary of a hundred florins, and I should like to explain the mystery to you.

"In the first place, I am not German, but Polish, and my family belong to the Grand Duchy of Posen. The House of Hanzig took its part nobly in the great national war of 1792, so that its name is written in letters of blood in the history of our country, while it has for generations stood high amongst the nobility of Poland. My father, brought up as he had been to honor the traditions of our country, could not remain deaf to the voice of his conscience, and in 1831 he took up arms and was one of the first victims at Warsaw.

"I was left an orphan, then, at the age of 9. and made my escape from the city, where I should certainly have been massacred. I had no idea in my flight where I was going, but kept hurrying on as straight as I could go, until at last my strength gave way, and I just lay down on a great plain all covered with snow.

"A well-known musician, who was emigrating after having fought valiantly, happened to find me, and he cared for me and gave me refreshments, and, when I could walk, took me on with him. We traveled through part of Germany on foot, the great composer earning our daily bread with his violin. He was on his way to France, where he was sure of a home with some friends, but he could not take me with him there.

"Some old friends of his in Germany interested themselves in me for his sake, and I was placed at the W—— Conservatorium to study music. At 16 I was admitted to the orchestra of the opera as second violin.

"Later on I heard that my benefactor was dead; sorrow and exile had done their work, and neither the hospitality he met with in France, nor yet the homage rendered to his genius, could make up to him for all he had suffered in losing his country. I have always felt deep gratitude toward him, as, if he had not taken pity on me, I might have had to beg my bread like so many of those of my poor compatriots who escaped the Russian guns had to do.

"Fortunately for me, my tastes were simple, and there was nothing repugnant to me in the career which seemed to be my future lot in life. My only ambition was to become some day conductor of the orchestra in the theatre of the Grand Duchy. I was wrapped up in my work and musical studies, and had very little leisure time for thinking of anything else.

"One evening, however, at the opera there was to be a new work given, and the Grand Duke was to be present. All the important families of the Duchy were that evening in their boxes, and I glanced round at the house to see the general effect of the magnificent costumes and the flashing diamonds. I was in reality little interested in all these great people, for I felt myself separated from them by an insurmountable barrier. You see," he added, smiling bitterly, "the violinist's bow may ennoble the hand of an ordinary citizen provided he be talented, but it only degrades the hand of a fallen Count.

"Well, on the evening in question, in a box just opposite me, a lovely girl was sitting. I was indeed perfectly startled by her beauty, for never in my dreams had I imagined any woman so exquisitely graceful and fascinating. In my delight I know that I smiled, and it seemed to me that she looked down with interest at me. One of my comrades told me that it was the Countess Ulrica von Schaffenbourg, the daughter of one of the Grand Duke's Chamberlains. The thought of my position at once flashed across me, and I felt humiliated to the very dust, and then almost angrily I seized my violin, and during the whole evening I carefully refrained from looking again at that box.

"Ulrica, however, came again several times to the opera, and it always seemed to me that there was the same look of interest on her face whenever our eyes met. I did my utmost not to give way to the kind of magnetism which attracted my eyes to that box, but all in vain. For a whole month things went on like this, and then, as her father had to go abroad on political business, she was placed, in the meantime, at the convent of Meilen.

"I expect you wonder how I found out all these details. And to this day I hardly know myself how I managed to discover everything I wanted to know. One thing is sure, though, that, as far as anything concerning this girl was in question, I should certainly have found a way to baffle the most skilful diplomat in the world.

"Well, I went on thinking about her, dreaming of her, for two long years. I knew nothing of her character, except what I had read in her eyes. I would have given ten years of my life to have heard the sound of her voice. I began to work now in feverish earnest. I had hitherto looked on my violin as the means of earning my daily bread, but now it seemed to me that it must be more to me, and that I must earn distinction through it. I gave myself up entirely to my musical studies, and I got on so well that it seemed as though I had every chance of success.

"The next event in my life was the competition at the Conservatorium, which in Germany is, as you know, of considerable importance. I entered my name, and when the day came there was a large and attentive audience. If I could win distinction that day there was some chance for me. My competitors were heard one after the other, and my name happened to be called last.

"You must forgive me if I sound my own praises, but, inspired as I was by love, I played a theme of Handel's with such feeling that I saw tears in the eyes of some of my judges. My own eyes were moist, too, and I shall never forget the sensation of those few minutes. It was as though all my youth and all my strength were at last having a free course after all the long years that my feelings had been either lying dormant or stifled. I had only the last variation to perform, and my triumph seemed certain. It was a terrible passage, arpeggios, to be played with fearful rapidity from the lowest note to the very highest. It wanted a strong wrist and the lightest fingers. Oh! the accursed variation! But still I felt sure of it, and was going to attack it with perfect confidence. I lifted my bow proudly, and, then, alas! I suddenly saw Ulrica. The tears were in her eyes, but her face was radiant. All my assurance went, my hand suddenly became feeble, and my fingers uncertain. I hesitated—and that was the end of it, for it was all over with me after that. The concert was over, and there was a murmur of disappointment all through the room, while I felt more dead that alive.

"The first prize was, of course, given to another competitor, but out of pity they gave me an accessit. All that did not move me, though; I had seen Ulrica turn pale with emotion; I felt, I knew, that she cared for me, and I thought to myself that is surely more than the first prize at the Conservatorium. Directly after, though, a feeling of despair came over me, and I reproached myself bitterly for my weakness. I had proved myself totally unworthy of her, and she was surely worthy of an Emperor. And then, too, was it not, after all, a great misfortune, this unhappy love?—for there was no hope whatever for us. What was to become of me? Just as I was thinking moodily in this strain the Director of the Conservatorium sent for me.

"'Albert,' he said, 'you will find a carriage at the door, which is to take you to the Palace of the Grand Duke.'

"My astonishment was extreme, but, notwithstanding, I went down and got into the carriage without staying a minute to reflect. A major-domo was waiting for me at the door of the palace. He begged me to follow him, and what was my astonishment soon, on finding myself face to face wth the Count von Schaffenbourg—Ulrica's father.

"'Are you Count Albert von Hanzig?' he asked, coldly.

"Upon my reply in the affirmative, he continued:

"'I sent for you to ask you to give violin lessons to my daughter—the Countess Ulrica von Schaffenbourg.'

"I could not find a single word to say; I staggered, for I had suddenly turned giddy.

"'You love her!' he said smiling.

"I did not answer, but I bowed my head, and how it was that I did not there and then lose my senses I have never been able to fathom, for he continued:

"'The son of my old friend Louis von Hanzig can marry the daughter of the Count von Schaffenbourg without its being by any means a *mésalliance!*' Those were his very words, and it seems to me that I shall not forget them to my dying day." The young Count stopped for a minute, too deeply moved by these recollections to be able to continue.

"Ulrica became my wife," he said, presently, "and all the happiness which true love alone can give has been ours. I have been happier than I had thought possible in my very wildest dreams, and yet——" The young Count paused again, and his face clouded over when he continued his story. "Our days were just one long *fête*, and we had so much to say—so much always to tell each other. I told her all about my desolate childhood and then about my work and my struggles, and she told me of all her happy days and of her little schemes and plans in order to bring her father to consent to our union, and, what was still more, to get him to send for me and to propose it. Oh! how gay and happy we were, and how we laughed at each other's stories.

"Our marriage had naturally caused a lot of gossip in W——, but as the Grand Duke himself approved of it, there was nothing further to be said. Gradually people became accustomed to seeing us together in public, and so forgot the romance of it all. We had not forgotten, though, and my wife wanted to go again for the first time since our marriage to the opera, where we had first met. We went, and we sat in the box on the left of the stage, where you must have seen Ulrica yesterday evening. It was very strange to me at first to find myself up there instead of with my comrades in the orchestra. Ulrica looked down at the music-stand behind which she had always seen me, and I noticed that she seemed very absent-minded and did not pay any attention to the opera. Every time I looked at her, her eyes were fixed on my old place, and yet my successor did not resemble me much."

* * *

APHORISMS.

A yielding nature is often a lazy nature.

The physiognomy is the label that every human being wears, but which, alas, is often misprinted, and does not tell the truth.

The reason why we meet so many failures in life's pathway is because so many people think they amount to something before they amount to anything.

ELEGANT BALL GOWNS.

(Described on page 44.)

Advance News of Fall and Winter Millinery.

ON all sides we are informed of the fact that beaver effects will be much worn, and really we can understand this when we see the beautiful samples shown, which come in both bands and plateaux, and in large, wide-brimmed hats in every conceivable shade. White beaver with white velvet and a touch of turquoise or baby-blue makes up very attractively. In shape everything is permissible, and incidentally, decidedly varied, one turns up at the side, another at the back, and still another flares off the face. Quite an unusual combination is white beaver and white maline.

Some of the newest buckles are very long and narrow and are frequently placed on small turbans against the crown. Steel and gilt is a favorite combination, and, of course, all steel and all gilt are again in evidence. Large buckles and pins are also shown and graduate in sizes down to very tiny ones hardly more than half an inch across. Buttons are also destined to play an important part in the millinery world of the coming season, either alone or in combination with felt and velvet, and as the center of rosettes.

Handsome plateaux are among the recent importations and come in many combinations, such as felt and silk, or chenille, jet and silk. Silk squares that are meant to be draped over a frame can be had in all shades of silk with appliquéd pattern in contrasting color. Squares of velvet can be had in the same combination.

Noticeable among the novelty braids is one about one-half an inch in width, both sides covered with rows of chenille and the edges finished with tiny spiked jet spangles. Another braid has an outer edge of narrow black velvet ribbon partly shirred and the center of silver braid. Velvet hats are very picturesque, accordion plaited velvet being quite a novelty and requiring as trimming only a few handsome ostrich plumes.

Generally in the trimmings most brilliant colors are seen, and especially is this true of feathers and birds, that come in very gay and attractive dyes. Birds and wings of monstrous size intended for the top of hats are among the novelties, and an owl in turquoise blue and castor is certainly the limit that can be reached in this line. Sea gulls will also form a particular feature and hats made entirely of feathers are among the novelties imported from Paris.

Plush-finished cloths are beautiful and can be worked into some lovely effects, especially when they show small dots. Almost like ermine was one of these shaggy cloths in white with black chenille dots. Felts are also seen with a polka-dot pattern, the dots ranging in size from a pinhead to a ten-cent piece. They appear in black and white, white and black, castor, green and brown.

From rumors that have been received from abroad, it is thought that roses will be plentifully used as a trimming, but whether this fad will materialize on this side of the Atlantic remains to be seen.

Quills are very pretty this year, and a novelty consists of a plaid effect, which is very attractive. One, for instance, has a stripe across the end marked off into big checks of color. Some show blocks of purple, blue, reds of different tone, and perhaps a little green. It does not sound particularly artistic, but the general effect is excellent.

Fur is to be used extensively as a trimming, both in bands and as entire hats: astrachan and Persian lamb, also ermine promise to be general favorites. Little mink animals will also be used, but will be disposed of differently, lying more on top or across the crown, and not on the brim as last year.

A good many net effects with tinsel appliqué are seen in the draped hats, and sometimes the tinsel is used to outline a design in net or spangles; some of the simpler effects are row after row of tinsel laid on straight or waved. Chenilles in colors, especially in the shaded chenilles, are lovely when tinsel is used in combination.

It would, of course, be inappropriate to speak of hats without mentioning veils, because nowadays a woman would just as soon venture upon the street without wearing a hat as without wearing a veil. From recent observations it looks as if the habit had grown alarmingly, for one veil does not satisfy the modish woman. She must have two.

Spots, large and irregular, reign supreme and many novelties in the shape of tennis racquets, riding crops and golf clubs are quite effective when you see them in the cases, but have rather the opposite effect when you imagine some pretty woman wearing such a veil. The woman of good style never permits herself to indulge in eccentric fashions, because her good taste leaves no desire to express itself in any but the most refined way.

Diagonal squares enjoy unusual popularity and are favored by almost all women. There is something about the mesh that is not only chic but makes it look extremely well over any face.

Double-meshed veils are charming and dainty. The under veil is a fine white tulle and over this is a diamond network in very tiny threads of black. The spaces between the diamonds formed by the black lines are filled with small black velvet dots.

Chantilly laces in both black and white are very much liked for carriage wear and are besides so costly that they will never become common.

The prettiest way to wear these made veils is to drape them on a broadbrimmed hat, with the fancy border just touching the shoulders, while at the back the ends are first caught with a jeweled pin and are then permitted to fall loosely.

Really fashionable are veils in all black and all white, in both chiffon and delicate lace. These soft folds have a way of rendering the face less marked, while every woman feels that she has set up a screen between herself and the outside world. It seems scarcely credible that such a flimsy barricade could really be considered a protection, even from sun and wind; yet the thin mesh of chiffon is as satisfactory as though the veil were truly impenetrable.

For covering her face the modish woman has a tremendous variety of veil designs from which to make a selection, and it happens that this choice depends just as much on personal taste as in the becoming qualities of the meshes.

* * *

FASHIONABLE CHATELAINE BAGS.

Gray and tan leather bags are seen on all sides. They are mounted in gold or silver and have chains that are long enough to pass over the hand comfortably. Frequently the clasps are made of flowers or serpent's heads studded with mock jewels. Although they look quite small, they are large enough to contain not only the money, but the handkerchief and scent bottle, pencil, mirror and tiny powder box, all the little things my lady must have with her on a hot day, especially if she is off on a little outing.

L. of C.

DAINTY TAFFETA WAISTS.

(Described on page 44.)

ENGLAND'S GALA DAYS.

THE CORONATION.

ON Saturday, August 9, the coronation of King Edward VII took place in London with all imaginable pomp and splendor. All the ecclesiastical significance of the coronation service was retained and it was a veritable consecration and hallowing.

The King and Queen drove in ceremonial state to Westminster Abbey, and the coronation with its attendant ceremonies consumed four hours' time. The ceremonial is very elaborate, and in nearly every detail follows precedent established for hundreds of years.

The King in crimson robes and the Queen Consort in purple, walked in procession with those carrying the regalia and proceeded to the chairs placed below and before the throne. Then the "recognition form" was recited by the Archbishop of each of the four sides—east, south, west and north—the sovereign turning to each of these four directions, and the people assembled replying with "God save the King."

That is merely the beginning of a most elaborate program before the crown is actually placed on the King's head. Before that happens the King places on the altar an altar cloth of cloth of gold and a gold ingot weighing a pound; is divested of his crimson robes, is anointed on the arms, hands, breast and head with "holy oil"; is clothed in a sleeveless garment of fine linen, a tunic of cloth of gold tissue and a stole; has

golden spurs presented to him and gives them to the Archbishop; is girt with a sword, gives the sword to the Archbishop and immediately redeems it for a sum of money; has a ruby ring placed on his finger; takes two scepters in his hands and sits in King Edward I's chair. Then he is crowned. After that the Queen Consort is crowned with almost as much ceremony, and all the people pass before the King and Queen and kiss their hands.

The ancient coronation chair is of oak and underneath the seat is the sacred coronation stone brought from Scotland by Edward I.

In Westminster Abbey, between the choir and the sanctuary, was erected a large platform, known by its old description, the "Theater." The chair for the anointing was placed in the sanctuary on the evening before the coronation, the regalia was taken charge of by the dean and chapter, who, in the morning, brought them to the altar, upon which will also be placed the ampulla filled with oil wherewith to anoint the King. On their arrival at the Abbey, the King and Queen were met at the west

door by the dean, the clergy and the choir, who sang the anthem, "I was glad when they said unto me, 'We will go into the House of the Lord.'" With shouts of "Vivat Alexandra Regina, Vivat Eduardus Rex," the Westminster scholars saluted their Majesties at the entrance to the choir. On reaching the Theater, the Archbishop of Canterbury presented the King for acceptance by the people, and then demanded their homage. Next followed the Litany, sung by two bishops vested in copes, and the first part of the Communion service. A brief sermon was preached by the Bishop of London. After the King had taken the oath, the hymn, "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire," was sung, and the special collect was said by the Archbishop, with his hand upon the vessel containing the oil, the choir then singing Handel's anthem, "Zadok the Priest," while the solemn act of anointing was performed. The ampulla, or vessel which holds the consecrated oil, is of chased gold, and has the form of an eagle with expanded wings, and standing on a pedestal. Ornamented with four pearls in the broadest part of the handle, the spoon into which the Archbishop pours the holy oil from the beak of the eagle is likewise of gold. King Edward was anointed on the head, arms and breast, in the form of a cross. The royal ornaments, spurs and sword were laid on the altar; the Dean of Westminster invested the King with the royal robes; the ring

(Continued on page 23.)

The Duchess of Sutherland.

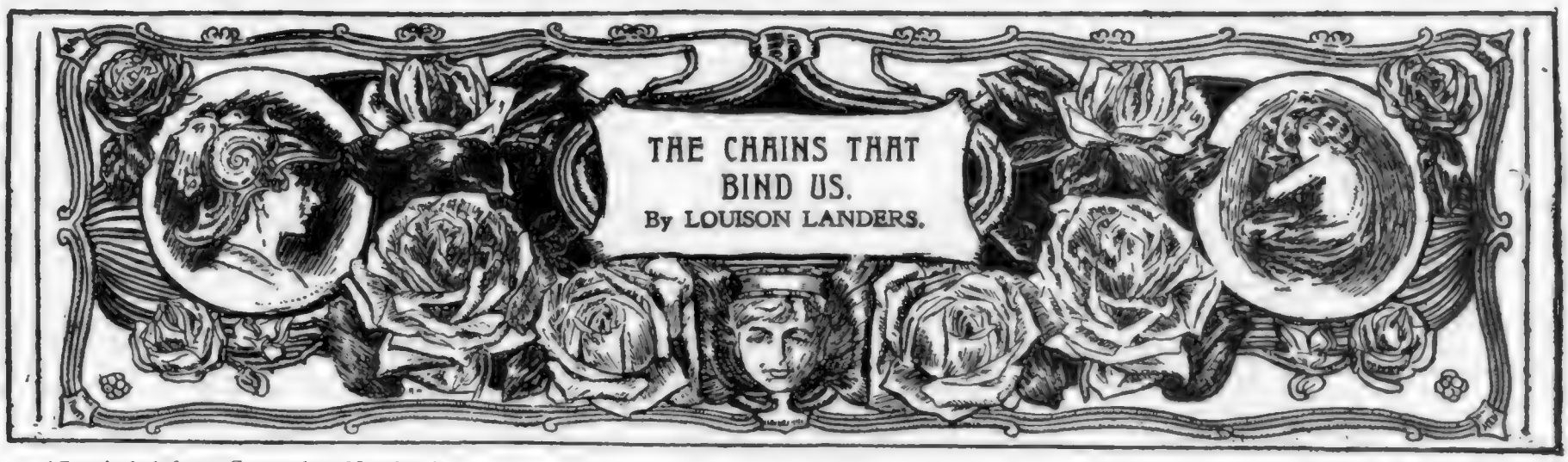
The Duchess of Marlborough.

The Duchess of Portland.

The Duchess of Montrose.

FOR THE LEISURE HALF HOUR.

(Described on page 44.)



(Concluded from September Number.)

FORTUNATELY some other guests claimed her attention and I thus was released from an answer. I looked around the room, trying to find a familiar face, and saw a few pretty buds, several full-blown roses and a few stately and aristocratic dowagers, but not one among them who resembled at all the picture I had made of my ideal, my Diana. The beautiful woman who had passed me as I entered the door was now standing at the window with her back toward the room. I was acquainted with nearly all the guests, but she was a stranger.

"She must be the one," I thought and forthwith sought my host.

"Won't you present me to the ladies with whom I am not acquainted?" I asked.

"Gladly," he replied, with a smile. "Is there any particular one?"

"Who is that lady over there at the window?"

"Ah, let me warn you, she is a dangerous coquette."

"Is that so?" I inquired. "Is she married?"

"Divorced, I believe. My sister met her last summer at Bar Harbor. She is from Chicago, I think. Personally, I am not attracted. There is not enough of that quality the Germans call *gemüth*," said Sweetser, with an expressive shrug of the shoulders. "Surely you know the ladies who are entering now?"

"Why, Mrs. Miller and her daughter," I exclaimed.

"Well, you know they are neighbors," said Sweetser, apologetically, "and although my sister is very exclusive, I induced her to send them an invitation. Isn't the daughter a beauty!"

"Then I suppose her fiancé is among your guests also? An unbearable fellow! But, pray, introduce me to the 'dangerous coquette!' "

Mrs. Miller stood very near us, and of course I returned her bow and smile very respectfully. She came up to me, and extending her hand, cried:

"Oh, I am so glad to meet someone I know,"

At that moment the big door leading to the dining-room was opened, and nothing was left for me to do but to take Mrs. Miller in to dinner, as it was to be quite informal. You can imagine how I blessed my luck! At the table I had the pleasure of having Mrs. Miller on one side and another stately old dowager on the other. The charming beauty who was supposed to be such a coquette sat at quite another part, and as I am a little near-sighted I could not see her features nor discern whether she cast as much as a single glance in my direction.

Diagonally opposite us sat Miss Elizabeth Miller, who greeted me with a sweet and lovely smile. Really, she is a decided beauty and again I feel disposed to envy her fiancé.

"Your future son-in-law is not present?" I inquire.

"My future son-in-law? Then you have not heard that the engagement is broken?"

"Oh, is that so? I regret very much, this is the first time I have heard it. I did not mean to tread on any annoying ground," I hasten to say.

"There is nothing to regret about it, it is better so. He was just a little too old for my Ellie and she did not care for him. About a month ago she suddenly announced her intention of breaking the engagement and declared she was positive she would be miserable if she consented to the marriage, and the result was a complete rupture."

I was not much interested in the inside history of the Miller household because my attention was claimed again and again by the vivacious coquette, Mrs. Villiers, who was engaged in a very lively conversation with her two neighbors, both men who could appreciate a witty and handsome woman's conversation. But politeness compelled me to at least simulate an interest I did not feel and I replied:

"Why, that is very sad. I suppose you were quite disappointed?"

"Disappointed? Well, at first I was, because the *partie* was a brilliant one. Mr. Peters is a millionaire several times over, but just imagine our luck, about two weeks after the engagement was broken, Elizabeth fell heiress to about two million dollars, which were bequeathed to her by an uncle who had always been very fond of her."

To tell the truth, Mrs. Miller's conversation was extremely boring, and I awaited the termination of the dinner with impatience. Finally Mrs. Robinson gave the signal, the ladies arose and went to the drawing-room. Then followed another fifteen minutes and the lords of creation were permitted to join the ladies.

I at once made a beeline for my host, and asked him to present me. He led me, with a faint smile, to his pretty Moorish smoking-room, where I saw three or four ladies surrounded by a number of men. Half sitting, half reclining among a pile of luxurious cushions was Mrs. Villiers, her dainty foot peeping out beneath the hem of her dress and at once compelling me to compare mentally the photograph of the original.

"Permit me, Mrs. Villiers, to present my dear friend, Mr. Barton."

Mrs. Villiers acknowledged the introduction with a charming smile and moved a little to one side, inviting me with a graceful wave of her hand to be seated. I sat down next to her and regarded her rather critically. Her features were not regular, but very mobile, and her eyes were full of fire and very expressive. Her low, broad forehead was almost classical and might be the same as one in the photo, although the latter had impressed me as being still more beautiful. The arm and the curve of the shoulder I could, of course, not compare, as Mrs. Villiers did not wear a décolleté gown, but the figure appeared to me as being just as dainty and *svelte*, also the hand, which was very pretty and dimpled.

No doubt, she was my Diana—and yet I could not help feeling just the least disappointment. It seemed as if I had lost something. The original did not compare favorably with the ideal of my dreams.

And now I was to unfold the whole charm of my engaging manner (as my flattering friends called it), and be very witty and full of esprit. A kingdom for a witty thought!

"Did you enjoy the hunt?" she inquired in a very melodious voice.

That question, it appears, haunts the place!

"Diana fills my entire thoughts," I replied.

"Really? So passionately? Did you shoot anything?"

"Why talk of shooting to a poor hunter?"

"Why you said yourself just now that the hunt fills your whole thoughts."

"Diana," I said in a very low tone, "I recognize you."

"I beg pardon?" she answered, quite unconcerned, and it seemed to me, a little surprised.

I could not repeat my question as several of the other guests approached and the conversation became more general. Mrs. Villiers was gaiety itself, her remarks were bright and witty, her repartee quick and to the point, and her beautiful eyes gleamed and danced with mirth. She evidently favored no one, but seemed determined to win the admiration of all. "A thorough coquette," I thought, "Sweetser is right."

As quickly as I could I returned to the drawing-room, very much disappointed and yet with a faint hope that, after all, I might be mistaken, and that she was not my fair correspondent. Among the women present I endeavored in vain to find one who resembled the photo. If the conversation was engaging and interesting, the features or the figure were plain, or the hands ugly, and so I met some more disappointment. Finally I found myself next to Miss Miller and certainly had to acknowledge that she, if any one, deserved to be called the most beautiful woman present. Her figure was perfect and of Junoesque proportions, which combined with the fact of her being an heiress won her many admirers and already a dangerous rivalry seemed imminent. To me she appeared *distrait*, cold—as if she didn't quite care to please. "She is evidently a nonentity as far as her mind is concerned," I thought, and made my escape from the chilling atmosphere that surrounded her.

"Do you play whist?" asked Mrs. Robinson, with, it seemed to me, exaggerated cordiality.

"I know nothing of the game, I am sorry to say," I replied.

"Oh, I shall not force you to be a *partie*; you may as well admit that you know the game; *cela n'engage à rein!*"

A cold shiver passed over me!

"Diana!" was all I managed to say, but Mrs. Robinson regarded me with a look of such undisguised amazement that I was sure that no covert meaning lay hidden in her words.

(Continued on page 37.)

GOWNS OF PLAIN AND FIGURED CLOTHS.

(Described on pages 44 and 45.)

SMART STREET COSTUMES.

(Described on page 45.)

SEASONABLE NOVELTIES.

LADIES' CROCHETED SILK SLIPPER.

THE body of this most comfortable bedroom slipper is of silver gray Corticelli Knitting Silk, with the turnover portion in blue and gray. The bow is of light blue, also matching the silk in shade.

There are two crocheted sections for each slipper, as shown by diagrams, Figs. 16 and 17. Commence work on the larger section at point marked A and work in rows in the width as follows, using gray silk:

Fig. 17.

First row—Chain 36.

Second row—Turn, and counting back, do 5 doubles into the 4th stitch of the chain (Fig. 18), do 1 single into the 8th stitch of the chain, chain 2, do 5 doubles into the 8th stitch of the chain, ? do 1 single into the 12th stitch of the chain, chain 2, do 5 doubles into the 12th stitch of the chain. Repeat from ? into the 15th, 20th, 24th, 28th, and 32d stitches of the chain, and finish the row by doing 1 single into the 36th stitch of the chain.

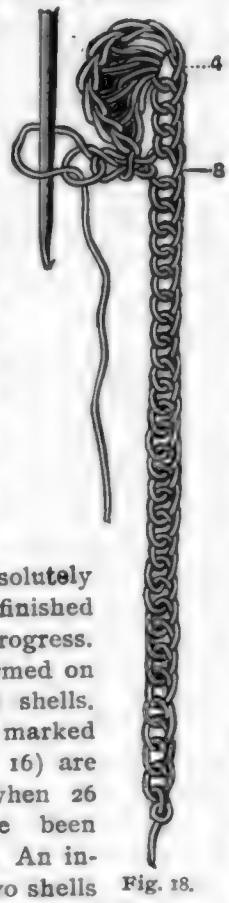


Fig. 18.

Third row—Turn; chain 2, do 5 doubles into space marked A (Fig. 19), do 1 single into the chain of 2 marked B made in previous row (Fig. 19), ? chain 2, do 5 doubles into the space B, do 1 single into chain 2 marked C of previous row (Fig. 19); repeat from ? six times more, forming a shell in each of the spaces indicated by letters C, D, E, F, G, and H (Fig. 19). The 8th shell built in space H is secured by a single in the top of the 4th stitch, marked I, in the previous row (Fig. 19); this differs from the other shells and it is absolutely necessary that the last shell of this and all other rows be finished at this point, else the edge of your work will draw up as you progress.

Fourth row—Turn; chain 2, do 5 doubles into single formed on stitch I (Fig. 19), continuing as in third row, forming 8 shells. The further progress of the work is in rows until the points marked C, F (Fig. 16) are reached, when 26 rows have been completed. An increase on two shells is made in each of the 5th, 10th, 15th, 20th and 25th rows. This increase is made by building two shells on the second and two on the last shell but one of the row, marked C, D, on Fig 20. On completing the 26th row, in which you have 18 shells, you find yourself at point F (Fig. 16), when you turn and begin to work another row, but stop when 6 shells are completed, at point E (Fig. 16), then turn again and work with 6 shells in these shorter rows until you have a strip 6⅝ inches long, when you have reached the line I, K (Fig. 16), completing this part of the section.

Fig. 16.

Resuming the work at point D, do 6 shells ending at point C. Work rows of 6 shells as before until another strip of 6⅝ inches is done, when line G, H is reached and this section of slipper is complete.

The shape of the other section of slipper is seen in Fig. 17, where work is begun with blue silk at line A, B with a chain of 20, working shells as already described in rows of four (see small section of same in Fig. 21) until you have a strip 20 inches long ending at line C, D (Fig. 17).

You will observe that this ending has an irregular scalloped edge which can be made nearly straight in the manner seen in Fig. 21, where three of the spaces have been filled, and the fourth is left open to show the manner of closing. This is done by working 4 doubles (beginning at point B) into corner marked C, and 1 single into stitch marked D.

The scalloped edges, indicated by lines G, H, I, K (Fig. 16), are to be made straight in the same manner, while the joining of these at point A (Fig. 22) is done just before the upper is sewed to the sole.

The edge C, D having been thus treated, is to be joined by sewing to edge A, B, already straight. On one long edge of this strip you will now work with gray silk one row of same style of shells as before made, beginning and ending on wrong side of lapel at point of joining them, and work back to same point a row of blue shells, thus completing an ornamental edge. Sew the other edge of lapel to top edge of slipper indicated by lines H, D, I, E (Fig. 16). Between the lapel and the main part of slipper introduce a piece of elastic cord 12½ inches long sewed together at ends. Turn down the lapel and sew along the gray row of shells to body of slipper, as seen in Fig. 23. You now sew the upper to sole (Fig. 22). first joining the edge G, H to edge I, K, and then basting the lower edge of upper to edge of sole, the upper being wrong side out.

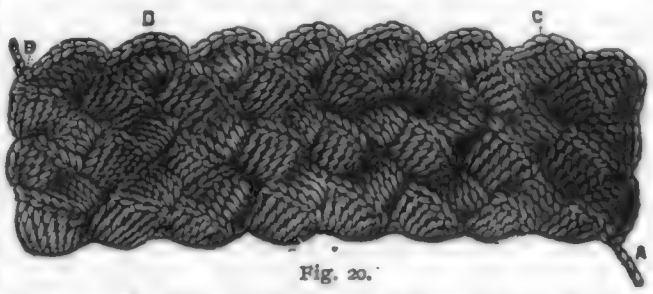


Fig. 20.

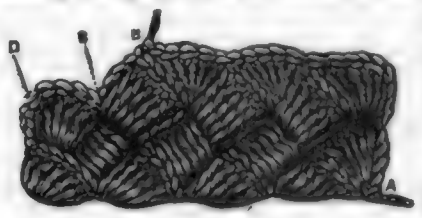


Fig. 21.

Commence the basting at toe and hold the work "full" while sewing around that portion of the sole. When the sewing is completed you will turn the slipper inside out. This part of the work is troublesome, but is accomplished after a little effort, the sole and upper being flexible.

The slipper is now complete with the addition of the bow, which requires ½ yard satin ribbon 1¾ inches wide. The bow is made in a graceful fashion and lightly tacked to the slipper. Soles of various kinds may be obtained at any fancy goods store or of shoe dealers, and are furnished in all sizes.

Fig. 23.

This description is for a No. 4 slipper, done snugly. No one should expect to obtain the same result with looser work, coarser needle, or silk of doubtful size or brand. For other sizes, careful calculation must be made, but with the right materials any intelligent worker can make a pair of slippers in this pattern.

For convenience the following measurements are given of the actual dimensions of an upper for a No. 4 slipper, as shown in diagram:

Figure 16.—From A to B, 3⅞ inches. From C to D, 2 inches. From E to F, 2 inches. From G to H, 2 inches. From I to K, 2 inches. From D to E, 2 inches. From A to G, 9¾ inches. From B to K, 9¾ inches.

Figure 17.—From A to B, 1⅝ inches. From C to D, 1⅝ inches. From A to C, 20 inches. From B to D, 20 inches.

In making other sizes it will be advisable to cut out paper patterns shaped like Figs. 16 and 17, but of smaller or larger dimensions to suit; these to be used as a guide in the work.

Fig. 22.

Materials: Corticelli Knitting Silk, four ½ ounce balls, Gray 1163, size 300. Two ½ ounce balls Light Blue 903, size 300. One pair No. 4 soles. One yard 1¾ inch Light Blue Satin Ribbon. A No. 1 Star Crochet Hook.

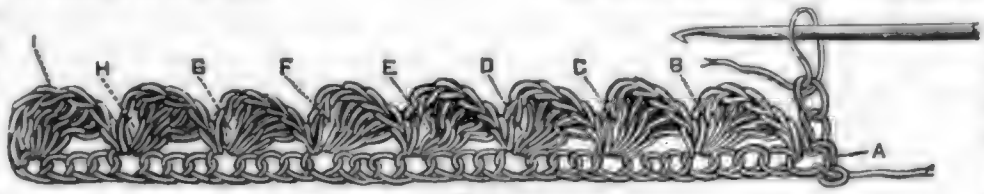
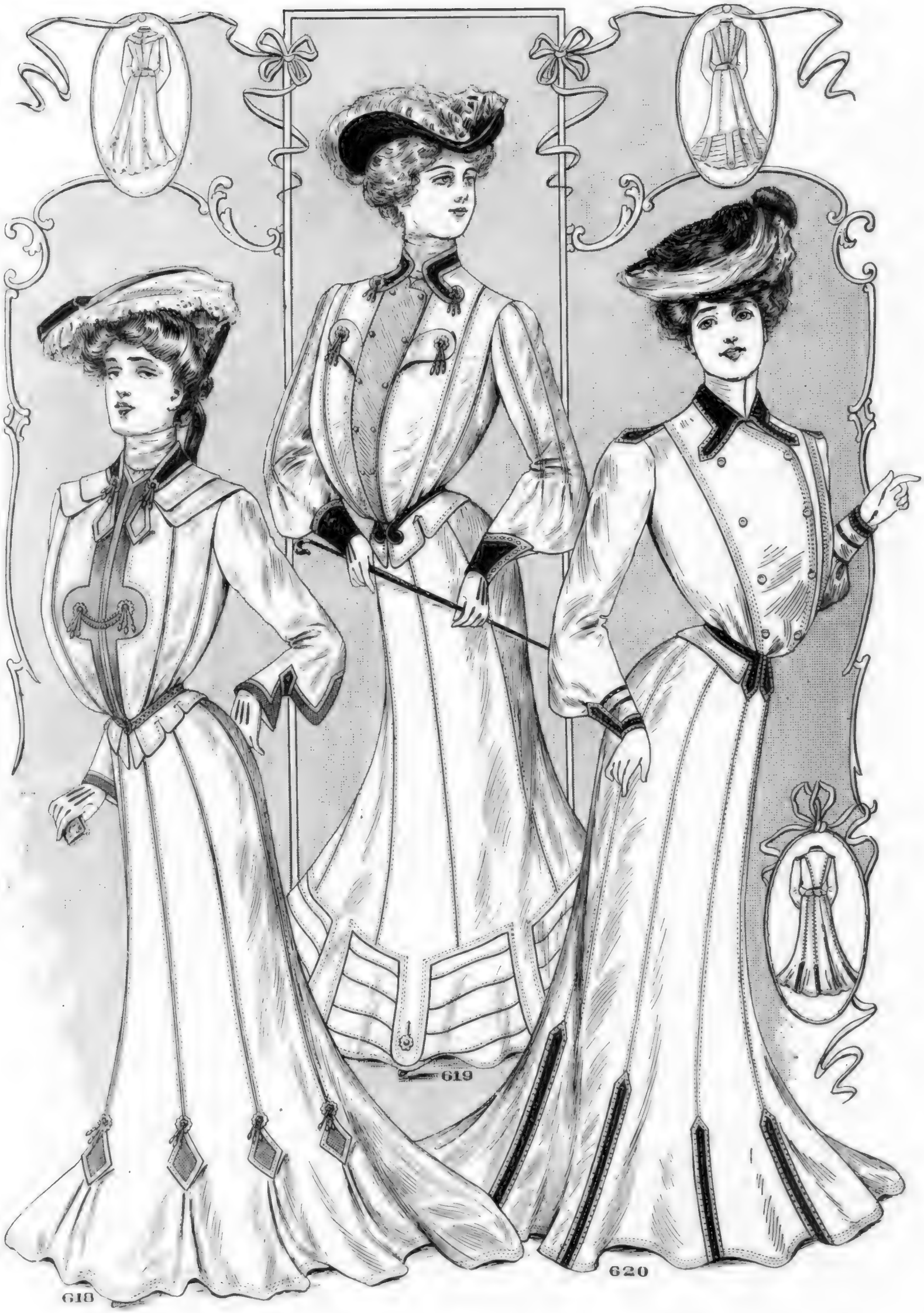
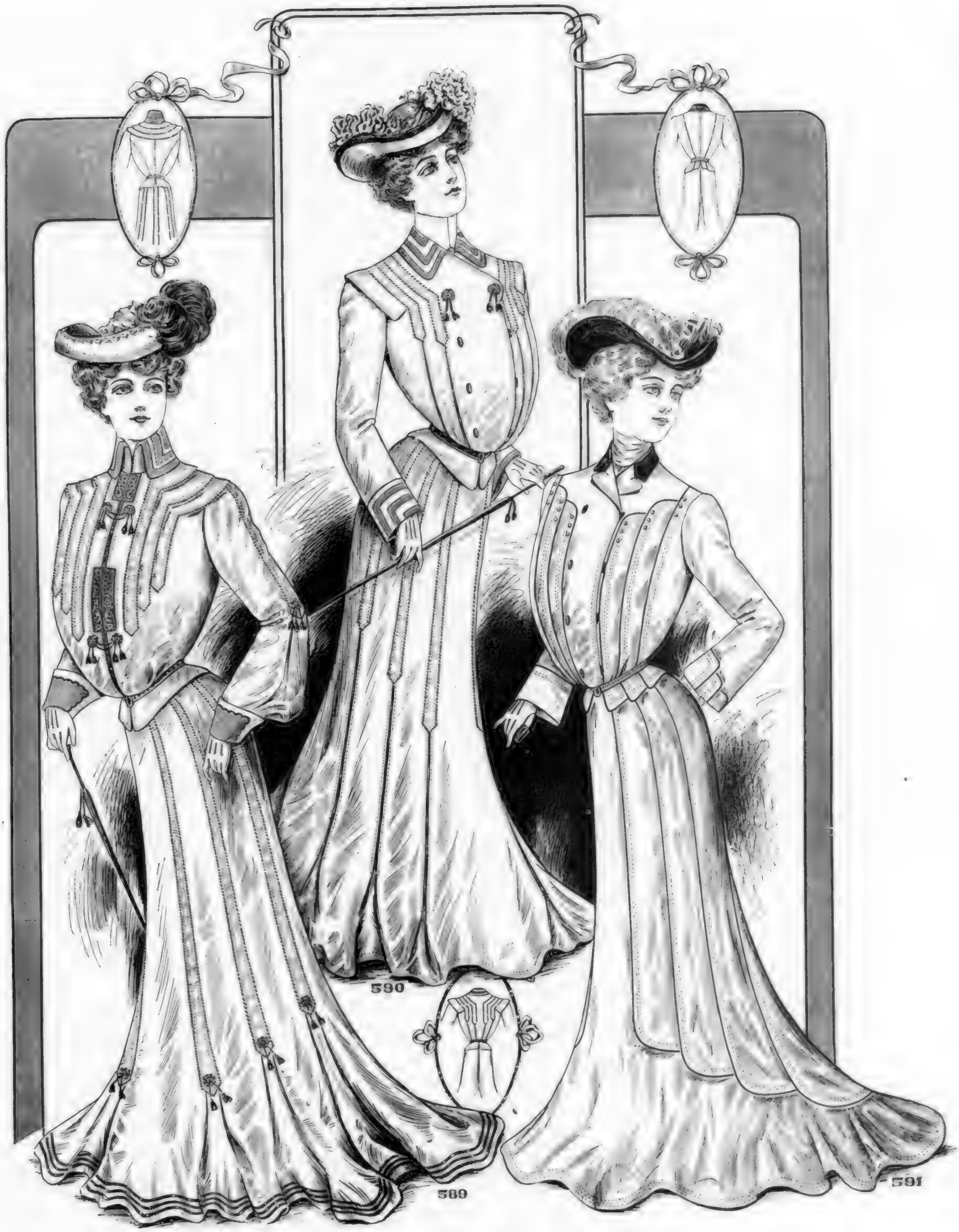


Fig. 19.



SEASONABLE DEMI TAILORMADES.

(Described on page 45.)



SUGGESTIONS FOR FALL.

(Described on page 45.)

NOVELTIES IN CLOTH SKIRTS.

(Described on page 45.)

THE AGE AT WHICH GIRLS MARRY.

THE life of the girl of to-day is a subject that closely concerns one and all of us, as she is the woman of the future, and by comparing the past with the present generation of girls some clear idea may be arrived at respecting the changes that have come about, socially speaking, within the last three decades with regard to them, their lives and their surroundings.

One of the most prominent and far-reaching changes in the lives of girls is that relative to the age at which they now marry. Formerly it was the received opinion that unless a girl married in her 'teens, between seventeen and twenty, she was losing her chances of so doing, and was not the success anticipated. To marry at twenty-four or twenty-five, after she had been out for some seven seasons, was rather unexpected than not, while to marry after thirty was not expected at all, and rarely came about. Elder sisters were "shelved" at a very early age—well under thirty—in favor of their younger sisters, and had to accept the position, there being no alternative to do otherwise.

To-day, the age at which the majority of girls marry is decidedly over twenty rather than under; indeed, the preference would seem to be further away still from "sweet seventeen" and verging toward thirty. The seasons that girls have been out are no longer counted as black marks against them in the matrimonial race, and by no means overweight them as in former days, when they were carefully noted by the mothers of younger girls, daughters still in their hopeful 'teens. To pursue the subject of the age at which girls marry still further, it must be conceded that women who have left girlhood far behind them, and who have even struck forty, are now asked in marriage as a matter of course, whereas they were formerly considered to be distinctly old maids at that age, a term which has now lost its significance, as, practically speaking, there are no old maids in these days of young hearts and jubilant feelings.

Many are the candidates for the hand of a woman of forty; men of her own age, for instance, and if she has money men both older and younger than herself are amongst those who desire to marry her. A man of forty not infrequently says he seeks a companion in a wife, and one who will not expect him to take her to parties night after night. A widower of that age marries a woman as near his own age as possible in the interest of his daughters, in the hope of securing a suitable stepmother for them. Fifteen years later these prudent considerations are not so apparent, and a girl of twenty-two is chosen rather than an older woman.

The fact that outdoor life throws indoor life into the shade as regards opportunities for meeting possible husbands gives the clever, bright young woman of twenty-eight or thirty the advantage over the girl of "sweet seventeen." The ballroom is no longer the only available place of meeting for young girls with young men of their own class, as it formerly was. With the exception of country house visits, balls, both in town and country, were the only places where young girls and young men could meet throughout the year, and when a girl gave up going to balls she practically relinquished her possibilities of meeting a partner for life. In those days girls were seldom asked to large dinner parties and outdoor life did not bring them much in contact with men of their own ages, therefore the ball was their only resource, and how important this was to themselves and to their mothers, only our grandmothers can say.

To-day it matters not how soon a girl gives up the pleasures of the ballroom, or whether she cares for them at all, as far as opportunities for meeting with members of the other sex are concerned. She can make their acquaintance—that is, they can be introduced to her—in the hunting field, at shooting, luncheons, on the golf links, in the tennis court, at croquet parties, at bicycle parties, at polo matches, at gymkhanas, and the like, all of which aids toward acquaintance were unknown to the girls of the past. In those days girls, although taken to lawn meets, did not follow the hounds, and as to following the shooters as they now do, it would have caused our grandfathers to open their eyes with astonishment.

Another phase in maidenhood is the position occupied by elder daughters in contrast to that held by them of yore. To-day they have a distinct personality of their own, instead of sinking into insignificance and, comparatively speaking, obliged to efface themselves in the interest of their younger sisters. True, in these days a mother gradually ceases to take out her elder daughters when her younger ones are old enough to take their place, but then these elder girls can now dispense with her chaperonage, and to all intents and purposes take themselves out—not to balls, of course—yet all other social gatherings, indoors and outdoors, are within their reach, and it is well known that a girl of twenty-eight has generally a better knowledge of how to please both men and women than has a girl of eighteen. The former has experience to aid her, and a confidence lacking in her younger sister; moreover, she is aware that the world is not all before her, as she felt it to be ten years earlier. She looks at life with very different eyes, while the younger sister stands where she formerly stood as regards indifference to the future and what it may hold for her.

* * *

The moving finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.
—Omar Khayyam.

ENGLAND'S GALA DAYS.

(Continued from page 13.)

and scepter were delivered, and the crown was placed on His Majesty's head. The presenting of the Bible then took place, this being an addition to the office dating back probably not more than two centuries. Then the "Te Deum," was sung, and the King, advancing to his throne, received the homage of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the peers. A new precedent was set in that the Archbishop of York anointed and crowned the Queen. Afterwards the King made an offering of bread and wine, and, with the Queen, offered oblation in gold. The Archbishop of Canterbury was the celebrant, and some of the bishops made their communion with the King and Queen. Then the King passed through the screen behind the altar into St. Edward's Chapel, and, having placed upon the altar there the gift intended for the Abbey, was divested of the imperial mantle. For the final anthem, Stainer's "Lord, Thou art God," which concludes with the first verse of the national anthem, had been chosen.

The chair on which the sovereigns of England sit when they are crowned is often called St. Edward's chair, out of respect to the confessor, near whose shrine in Westminster Abbey it usually stands. It was made by order of Edward I to hold the Coronation Stone or Stone of Destiny, on which the Scottish Kings used to sit when they were crowned, and which stone Edward I captured and sent to Westminster in the year 1296. The chair is made of solid oak, and is still firm and sound, though much disfigured by mutilations as well as by the hand of time. The whole chair was originally gilded and covered with ornamental work, much of which may yet be distinguished upon a close inspection. At each coronation it is covered with cloth of gold or tissue.

The chair owes its importance to the stone, called the Stone of Destiny, which it was made to preserve and which rests under its seat on a kind of middle frame, supported by four crouching lions on a bottom frame or plinth. This stone was placed in the Abbey of Scone in the year 850 by King Kenneth.

* * *

APHORISMS.

It is better to be a strenuous advocate of error than a perpetual balancer of probabilities with no conclusions reached.—Lyman Abbott.

The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses; which he is loved and blessed by.—Carlyle.

"I am," says Howard Pyle, "sorry for any man who, in mature life, when he finds his hair beginning to grow gray and his body to feel heavy, has not sweet, delectable memories of woods and fields and singing birds and growing things to fall back upon—memories of sedgy meadows and cool brown streams that flow so deliciously through the still, rustling woods, silent with multitudinous mysteries of life. These are the things to which a man's minds falls back through the long stretch of years."

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COSTUMES OF ZIBELINE AND PLAIN CLOTH.

(Described on pages 45 and 46.)

TRYING MEN.

By ROBERT HICHENS.

THE old lady who was discovered during a game of whist glancing airily over her adversaries' cards defended the proceeding on the ground that to do so "varied the dulness of the game." A little mild recrimination between the sexes varies the dulness of the game of life. Most of us enjoy it as schooldays enjoy a fight. It wakes us up. It sets us in a pleasant glow. It gives us an appetite. The controversy over the burning question of whether men or women are the more successful as housekeepers has only just come to my knowledge. It is not unamusing. The women, I notice, are very indignant at the assertion that men are more beloved by servants than they are, that servants cling to the unmarried male as the limpet to its fostering rock, while they give notice more readily than satisfaction to the distracted spinster, to say nothing of the bewildered wife. Facts are facts, however. There is no doubt that servants, as a rule, would rather serve a man than a woman. They say we give less trouble. I believe it to be true. I have been living in hotels for the last six months, and my observation leads me to assert that, at any rate in hotels, women are generally much more exigent than men. Servants assure me also that they tip about half what men tip. One lady I met, after staying in a hotel for two months and giving the housemaid endless trouble, presented her, on departing, with the munificent sum of one franc. The housemaid, who has a sense of humor, proposes, I believe, to wear it as a charm.

There is the man who will ask questions at meals of his wife, who has not cooked the dinner. "Why," he says plaintively, "why, Caroline, are these parsnips as hard as brickbats?" or "Why does this cabinet pudding taste of onions?"

He might just as well ask why the earth is round. In the first stages of married life the housekeeper, still, perhaps, a little proud of presiding over an "establishment"—fleeting rapture!—endeavors to find answers to these conundrums. She launches forth into a history of the habits of parsnips, or brings her wild, feminine imagination to bear upon the thousand possible contingencies which might lead a cabinet pudding, however discreet, into a liaison with the vegetable of tears. But time wears on and time wears out, and the psychological moment inevitably arrives when, to all such riddles, she snaps out a "Because they are!" or a "Because it does!" Then love, which has been hovering, perhaps, above the parsnips and the cabinet pudding spreads his wings, and gives notice, like the cook.

The man who prides himself on never complaining is very trying. When things go wrong, in his opinion, when, for instance, his egg at breakfast is too soft, is too hard, when the soup at dinner has too much salt in it, or the curry too little pepper, he does not say anything, but he looks as if he were on the point of bursting into tears, and only controlled himself because he was more manly than other men. In vain to ask him what is the matter, "Nothing," he replies, apparently choking down the rising sobs. The wife has to divine the trouble. Such a man has planted the wrinkles in many a woman's face.

Some men are never satisfied with the way their beds are made. Either the housemaid has drawn up the bedclothes too high, so that the man, according to his own account, has to rest his chin during the night upon the summit of a Himalaya of turned-back blankets, or she has tucked so much in at the bottom that his poor chest is left to the mercy of every wind that blows about the bedroom. One night the sheet is "crinkled," owing to improper adjustment at the sides of the mattress; on another some mysterious disease, brought on, of course, by that microbe the housemaid, engaged by the wife, who "ought to have seen at once," etc., has attacked the bolster, giving it "lumps," which have, of course, rendered sleep impossible. The poor wife, whose insomnia has been solaced by her husband's pertinacious snoring, at length turns and rends the microbe, who promptly gives warning, and then the husband says, "It is very odd, Sophie, that you can never keep a servant."

There are dozens of other types of trying men; the man who eats too much and then says his indigestion is caused by bad cooking, for which his wife is responsible; the man who always finds his tea too weak or too strong, too much "stood," or too early "drawn off the leaves;" the man who will have creases in his trousers, and yet declines to afford the expense of a valet; the man who "can't understand why it is that everything goes on wheels in Simpson's house, while here, etc.," forgetting that he only dines with Simpson once a year, and that then Gunter is there before him. Volumes could be written about them without the inclusion of a lie.

The sexes will always indulge in recrimination. We love our grievances. I never knew what the look of real happiness was upon a human face till one day when I heard a woman declaring that men had made women "more wretched than the black slaves in the hole of Calcutta."

But recriminate as we will, we men adore women, and, in my crazier moments, I am bound to say I often think they rather like us.

* * *

WHAT WOMEN ADMIRE IN MEN.

Women abhor cowards and still more sneaks, though I regret to say they often endure cads in a way that belies their intelligence and good taste. They have a quite pathetic desire to look up to men, to feel men their superiors in strength of body and of mind, in calmness of judgment and clearness of intellect. And it is indeed a pity that men so often seem to go out of their way to destroy their most cherished illusions.

Above everything a woman admires strength in a man. It may be strength of body—she will worship a Hercules with the brain of a guinea-pig. It may be strength of intellect—she will adore a savant with the body of a gibbon monkey. It may be strength of character—she will break her heart for a politician or a financier who is unswervingly wrapped up in dreams of personal advancement, and who possesses no more heart than an oyster. But strength in some form she craves unceasingly. It is an hereditary instinct that has been bequeathed to her through Eve's first disappointment when Adam was tried in the balance and found wanting. Woman, secretly conscious of her own physical weakness and lack of intellectual strength, demands strength from man to make up for her own deficiencies. Even the strongest women, strong in body and mind, well balanced as Athene herself, though they may shield and protect the weakness of the men they love and stoop to help them, will never do so without a secret feeling of contempt which is destruction of all ideals.

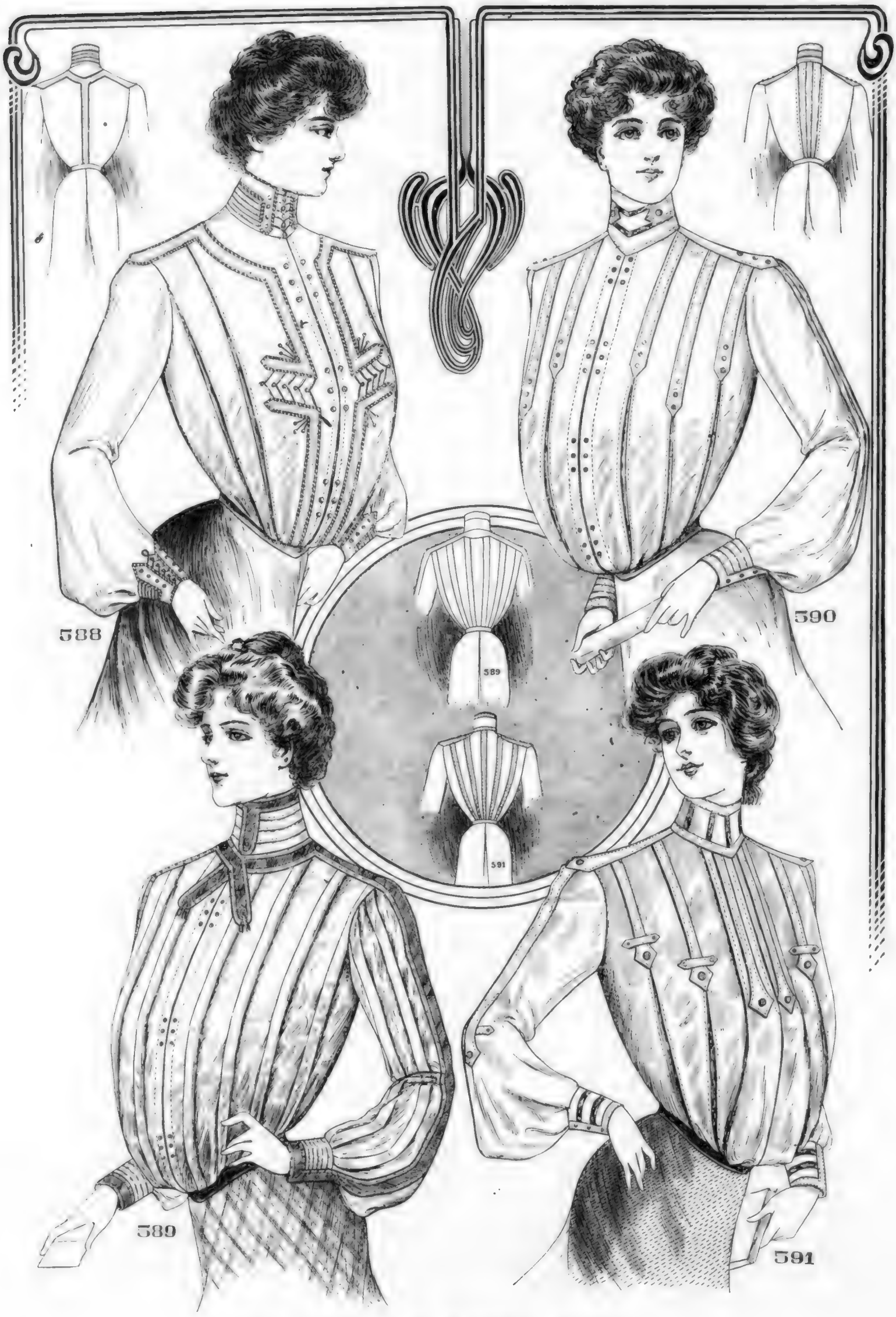
Man, in spite of that deplorable start made by Adam, was intended to be woman's protector and refuge from all harm, upon whom she could lean and rely in every event of life's pilgrimage, and when the roles are reversed, as they often so unfortunately are, it is a bad thing both for man and woman. Strength, however, is what women love in men.—Lady Colin Campbell.

* * *

THE RAPID WOMAN.

"My dear lady," protestingly remarked a celebrated London physician to a patient who had annoyed him by suddenly getting well, "you are such a rapid woman." For the first time in his life, he realized that it is a rapid age—an age which produces the "Rapid Woman." At the moment, he did not relish the discovery. Then, he reflected that the Rapid Woman would probably do more harm than good, and felt comforted.

In this humdrum world, which does not properly value the charm of the unexpected, the Rapid Woman has not altogether received her due meed of appreciation. A man once said, in his brutal, manly way, that there was no such thing as bad wine. All wine was good, but some kinds were better than others. Similarly, in spite of modern fiction, there is no such thing as a really bad woman. Some are "better than others"; and that is the merciful difference. If all women were reduced to a level of dull, unemotional goodness, the Amelia Sedleys of the twentieth century would fill the asylums with men whom their monotonous placidity had driven to such a doom: the best preventative against madness is the woman with a temperament, who never knows what she is going to do next, and so cannot worry her husband before she does it."



FALL FANCIES IN FLANNEL WAISTS.

(Described on page 46.)

THE HOME DRESSMAKER.

GIRLS' LONG COAT.

NOTHING is prettier and more appropriate for little girls than the long coats of cloth, which afford a protection against the cold winter winds, and for school wear are decidedly to be preferred to the short jacket. In inclement weather the jacket will keep the dress dry at the top only, and during school hours the child must sit in her wet skirts, whereas if a long coat is worn this is avoided and the danger of taking cold is considerably lessened.

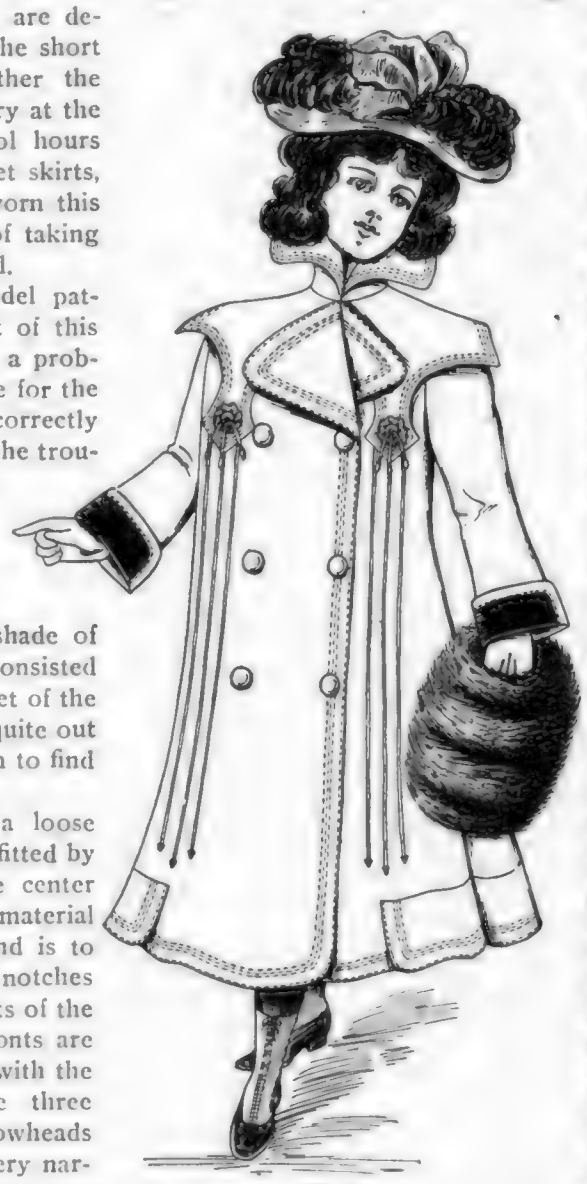
With the aid of our model patterns the making of a coat of this kind does not become such a problem as it otherwise would be for the amateur, and by cutting correctly the garment will fit without the trouble that is occasioned by a careless pattern.

The pretty and attractive little coat which is the subject of this month's lesson may be developed of any shade of cloth, although the model consisted of royal blue cloth with velvet of the same shade. The design is quite out of the ordinary and is certain to find favor.

The coat is made with a loose front and back and is partly fitted by the under-arm seams. The center of the back is placed on the material as shown in the diagram and is to be joined to the front by the notches that indicate where these parts of the seams should meet. The fronts are double-breasted and are cut with the revers. On each side are three corded tucks, ending in arrowheads worked with blue silk. A very narrow cord only is required for the tucks as they would otherwise be out of proportion to the garment.

Around the sides and back extends a narrow shaped ruffle made of two parts, whose edges meet at the back center seam, but are not caught in with the seam, and certainly make a very novel trimming.

Quite odd in shape is the large



No. 570.

collar, which is cut with points that are held down with passementerie rosettes and cord tassels. The collar curves outward toward the shoulders and gives a broad-shouldered effect that will be found quite attractive.

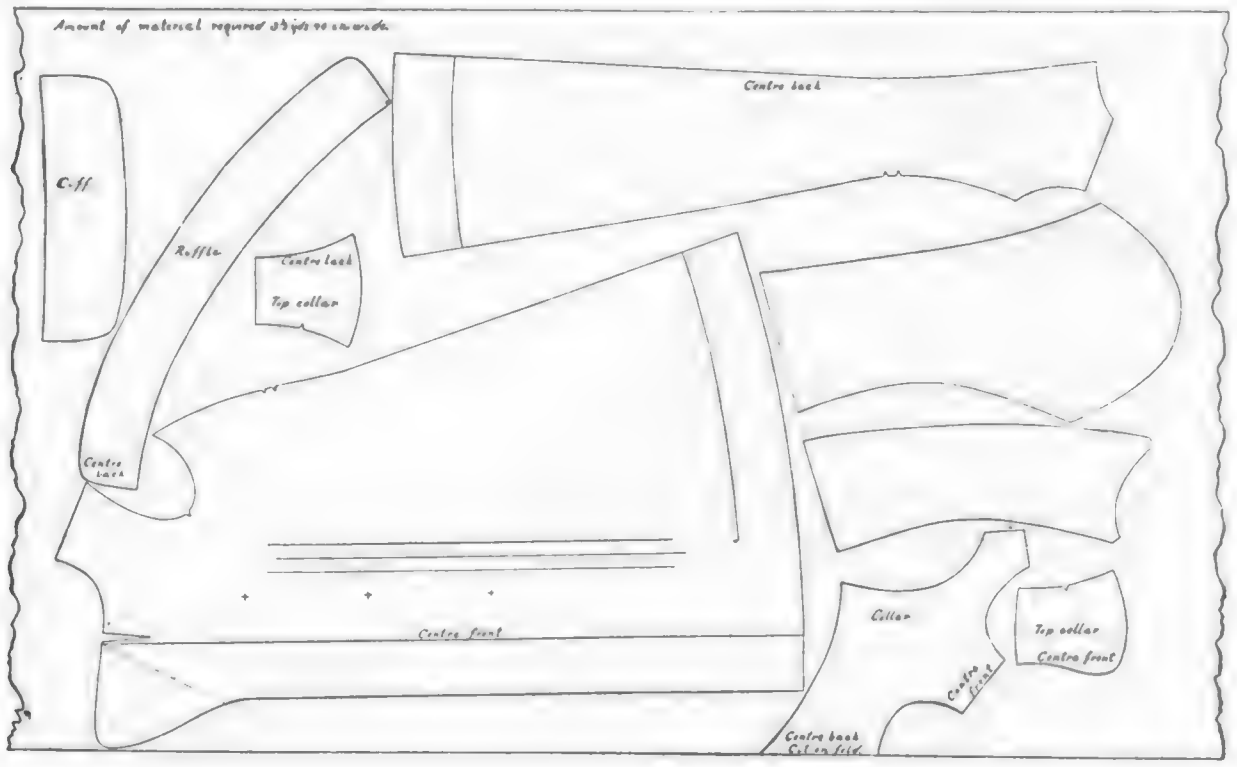
The storm collar is made of two pieces and snugly incloses the throat; it may, if desired, be faced with velvet like the cuffs or can be faced with the same material. The sleeves consist of two pieces: an under and upper arm, and are completed with wide turned-back cuffs, partly faced with velvet. The only adornment of the coat consists of rows of machine stitching, one near the edge, and a group of three rows a little from the edge.

As cloth is used in making up the garment, no lining is required.

After the pattern has been placed on the material, as shown in the diagram, the different parts are cut out and carefully basted. Then the coat is tried on and such alterations made as may be found necessary, perhaps at the shoulder and side seams. It is absolutely necessary, before basting, to sew the tucks and arrowheads, because otherwise the garment is too bulky to put under the machine, the basting has to be ripped and the whole work done over again. After the coat has been fitted the seams may be joined and pressed, also bound to prevent their fraying. The storm collar as well as the sailor collar are caught in the neck seam, and the sleeves are inserted accordi g to the notches.

The beauty of the revers largely depends upon the arrangement of the foundation and the materials used. None but the best canvas should be used, as it retains its stiffness so well that it will even improve by being steamed and pressed. It must always be taken on the bias, as it then not only gives readily, but can be pressed into all shapes. The canvas extends back from one to two inches from the junction of neck and shoulder. The canvas should be a trifle looser than the material to permit the revers rolling properly. The edges of the material as well as those of the rever are then basted down and sewed to position with cat-stitches. It is then basted and the outside material is joined to the whole with slipstitching. Then the inside edge of the facing is adjusted.

Machine stitching completes the edges.



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DRESSY SILK AND NET SKIRTS.

(Described on page 46.)

IN MOTHERLAND.

THE NURSERY.

THERE is no part of the house in which the character of the mistress is more evident than in her nursery. One woman thinks anything "good enough for the children to knock about in," and therefore aged and crippled furniture, too shabby for any other room, is relegated to the nursery. The children get a daily object lesson in slovenliness and bad taste, while their sensitive spirits are invariably depressed by the nature of their surroundings. Nevertheless there is no necessity for going to the extreme reached by a devoted young mother of whom I recently heard, who has allowed her nurse to appropriate the whole first floor of a very good-sized house for herself and one small baby. Without attaining this undesirable pitch of unselfishness, most mothers will agree on the advisability of devoting large, airy and well-lit rooms to their little ones. A nursery should have, if possible, southern or southwestern exposure.

A pretty color scheme for a room looking due south is carried out as follows: The walls paneled in wood to the height of four feet, painted a dull, soft blue. Above the wood is a papering of cream cartridge paper, upon which any color looks well, the daintiest china or palest picture. A deep bay window was hung with four short chintz curtains, which, upon a cream ground, bore stripes of soft blue with bunches of violets, the lining being of a similar shade of blue. Wicker easy chairs with covers of chintz, with frills of pale-blue linen and on the mantelpiece a long strip of chintz also frilled with linen. I forgot to state that the border of the paper consisted of Kate Greenaway figures alternating with scenes from well-known fairy tales.

* * *

All infants are born with what doctors call hypermetropia. Gradually this changes, passes away, and the sight should become normal. The number of children whom one now sees wearing glasses shows that this is by no means always the case, and among other causes of short sight, the commonest is that of allowing children to read too much. Reading is such an immense source of pleasure to many children, and during its pursuit they are naturally always so "good" that they are often unduly encouraged in it. Short sight is usually acquired, and is absolutely incurable; it therefore behooves mothers to take every precaution against its acquisition. Examinations by doctors, of the eyes of children, have abundantly proved that many who have entered school life with perfect sight have developed faulty vision later on. Only books with large and clear print should therefore be given a child. He should never be allowed to read by a poor light, and should be provided with a low chair which will enable him to keep both feet upon the ground and which gives support to the spine.

* * *

It is peculiar how some superstitions will become apparent sooner or later, and the more idiotic the superstition the more will it find credence. I have quite lately met with the idictic and mischievous belief that weighing a baby is the certain means of insuring its pining and dwindling. As a matter of fact a baby should be regularly weighed for some time after birth. It is a most valuable means of ascertaining that the child is being properly nourished. A child who is being insufficiently supplied with fat-forming food will appear to be in fair health, the digestion undisturbed, the sleep good, but all the same the child is thin and morose, refuses to smile or coo, and is without natural energy or vigor of mind and body. I once heard a woman say "I don't believe in weighing children; one only gets upset if one finds they are not growing fast enough." She preferred to shut her eyes to the evil rather than discover and cure it, and would permit the child to pine until some graver trouble called in the help of the doctor. The scales would have informed her the baby was not gaining weight in the normal degree, that he was either standing still or increasing very slowly, and an application to the doctor or an experienced nurse would soon reveal to her the cause of the child's enfeebled state. The stomach of an infant is so exceedingly small that it is a matter of immense importance that all food supplied to it should contain all the elements of nutrition, and a child which is healthy and yet thin and spiritless is not being given a sufficient amount of carbohydrates.

Again, a baby which is properly weighed is found to be growing too rapidly, putting on a great deal of fat; his skin, in place of showing a wholesome, mottled surface, is very fair and white, and the uninitiated admire him greatly. The fact of the matter is that he is being over-fed and his sufferings in the future are absolutely certain, unless the mother takes the warning of the weighing machine and in this case reduces the supply of cream and sugar. Decrease in weight is one of the earliest symptoms of rickets, and if, when the scales give their kindly warning, the doctor is called in, this cruel complaint may be checked in its very commencement.

* * *

Some children appear to be born with a love of truth which is without difficulty aroused into an active principle. I know a little girl who is believed to have told but one single wilful lie in her life, which one, however, she stuck to with marked vigor. The lie in this case was no worse a one than the denying the presence in her hand of several illicitly obtained sweets, which were, however, distinctly visible between her plump, pink fingers. In other children, the extreme reverse is found, and to such an extent, that I sometimes imagine there must be an actual moral idiocy, as fibs are told for which it is impossible to suppose the child can expect belief. Instances of this kind are naturally a source of great anxiety to mothers, and require the most judicious treatment. One does not desire that a child should speak the truth simply to avoid punishment; one wishes him to love it for its inherent beauty, as when he comes to manhood we desire him to be honorable for honor's sake, and not merely to escape cudgeling. Not only, therefore, should a mother tell her child of the ugliness of falsehood, but she ought to be most ardently careful to show him only an example of absolute truth. Even innocent exaggeration should be forbidden, stories should be clearly understood as mere "stories," and fibs which are by many people regarded as quite innocent, and even praiseworthy, are better left untold. Too intimate probings by the tiny questioner are better met by a frank "There are thousands of things in the world which you cannot yet understand. Everyday you learn something, and you must be content to wait a little."

* * *

TRYING TO DO TOO MUCH.

There was once a woman who was the despair of all the other women of her acquaintance—her house was as pretty as possible and always in perfect order; she kept it on a very small income and kept it beautifully; she made all her own clothes and those of her child; she trimmed hats for herself and all her sisters; she did fancy work; she painted chairs, thereby saving sometimes as much as 75 cents; she taught a class in a mission sewing school; she took lessons in cooking; she belonged to several charitable organizations—and the end of that woman was nervous prostration and a sanitarium. Amid her many occupations she had somehow lost sight of the fact that a certain amount of amusement is necessary for the human mind. She had never "had time" for rest or diversion. And her husband as he paid the bill for medical services possibly reflected how much better, and not only better, but cheaper, would prevention have been than cure.

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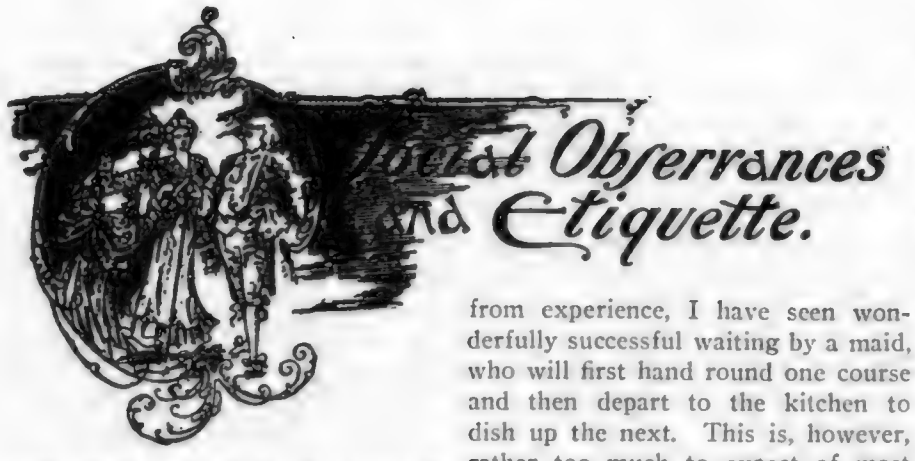
CHEVIOT AND SERGE FROCKS.

(Described on page 46.)



THE IMPORTANCE OF LITTLE THINGS.

A RATHER important little thing which is often neglected is the waiting at table, especially during the evening meal, which should always, I think, be served if possible with a certain amount of ceremony, and although I must admit that where only one servant is kept it is difficult to manage this, a little arrangement and contrivance will often overcome the difficulty, and the comfort of being well waited upon will amply repay any little trouble there may have been in training the maid in the beginning. Of course, if two servants are kept there can be no excuse whatever for slovenly waiting at table, and we should always insist upon attention to all the forms and ceremonies which have become customary for dinner.

All entrées, puddings, or, indeed, anything which can be helped with a spoon and fork, should be handed by the maid, and only the soup and such dishes as require carving be placed upon the table, and of course all vegetables and sauces should be upon the sideboard or the small extra serving table, and handed only when required. In this way we avoid as much as possible the unsightly appearance of food upon the table, and a maid, if properly instructed in the beginning, will soon learn how to wait deftly and quickly.

* * *

After the meal is over, everything should be removed from the table, and clean wine glasses placed for each person, also the dessert plates, furnished with knife, fork, doily, and, if desired, a finger-bowl. The wine should be placed in front of the master of the house, the dessert handed, and then placed upon the table, before the maid leaves the room in search of the coffee. If we insist upon dessert plates, etc., being put in readiness in advance, all this will be very little trouble, and even if our dessert consists of nothing more than a few oranges, it is far better to have them served in the proper form, which, if an established custom, will cause no grumbling and no annoyance, when we are entertaining visitors, and are anxious that things should be nice.

If we have only one servant, who has to dish up the dinner, besides bringing the things into the dining room, the attendance at table is more difficult to manage. Speaking from experience, I have seen wonderfully successful waiting by a maid, who will first hand round one course and then depart to the kitchen to dish up the next. This is, however, rather too much to expect of most maids, though there is no reason why we should not follow these rules as far as possible, and decline to allow our food to be thrust upon the table and left there, as is done in some homes. We all enjoy our meals far more if they are well served, and even if our repast consists of nothing more pretentious than cold roast beef and rice pudding, there is no reason why these homely viands should not be served in an appropriate manner.

* * *

There are also other little forms and ceremonies, such as always handing letters, etc., upon a tray, and properly announcing dinner, which should be insisted upon, even with the most untrained servants, and if we remind the maid once or twice, and never overlook an omission, these things soon become a habit, and are no extra trouble, besides making all the difference in the world in the well-ordered appearance of our ménage.

And now I must speak of the little things, which, unless we keep a very large establishment, should always, I think, be attended to by one of the ladies of the house. The care of the flowers and growing plants is, of course, a *sine quâ non*, but there are other little touches which are beyond the power of most servants. In my opinion the mistress of the house should make an inspection of every room daily, and see that all is in proper order, and that little repairs are effected, stitches, which, done in time, will save the proverbial nine, and many a bill for repairs later on.

* * *

Curtains should be looped back in graceful folds (a thing which many maids neglect), blinds pulled even, small ornaments moved into their proper places, and clocks wound up on the appointed day, all matters which take only a few moments, but are a great improvement to the appearance of the room. There should be an allotted place for the newspapers and magazines, the daily paper being neatly folded and placed there with the weekly papers, while old ones are either put away to be bound or used for lighting fires. They should never be allowed to litter the room.

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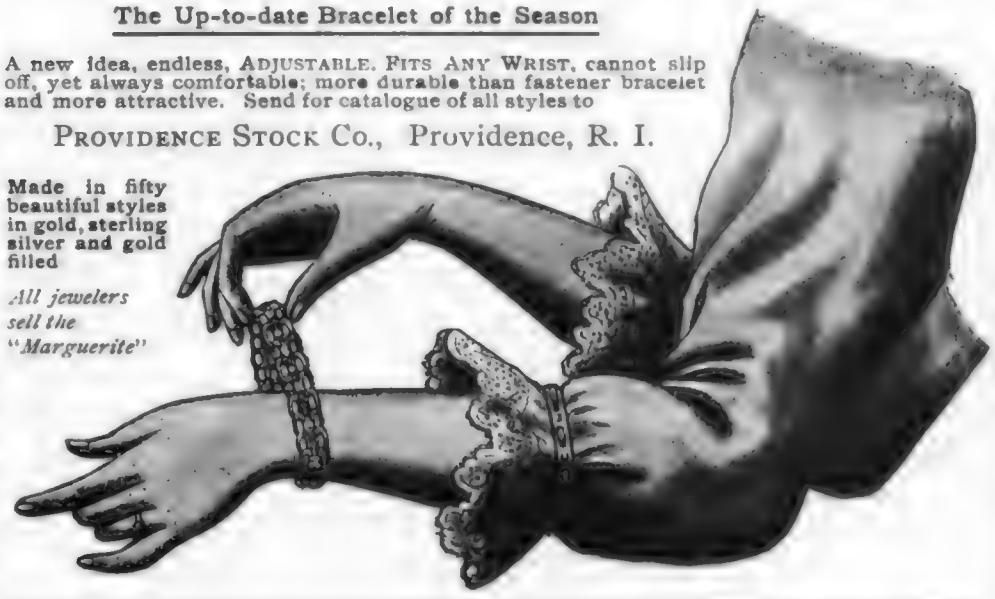

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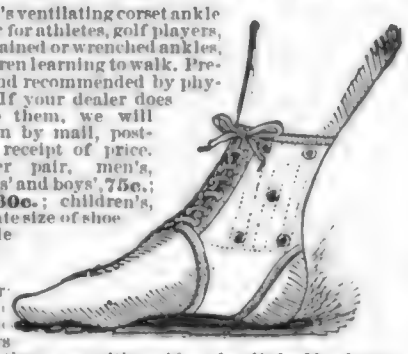

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(Described on page 46.)

THE APPLE OF PARIS

MANY girls are troubled with the redness of their arms, especially at the back between the elbow and the shoulder, which is very annoying when appearing in evening dress. A good remedy for this is to soap the arms well every morning, using a soft flannel, and in the evening bathe them with a thin warm gruel made of equal parts of starch and oatmeal. Dry carefully, then apply camphor ice or cold cream (not glycerine), and the arms will gradually grow white and smooth.

* * *

In order to make a nice toilet vinegar take of the best white wine vinegar one pint, rosemary two drams, rue two drams, lavender two drams and camphor two drams. Let these ingredients soak in the vinegar for twelve hours, then strain it. A little of this mixture added to the bath water or rubbed on the skin after a bath imparts a delightful perfume to it. Dried or fresh herbs may be used for the purpose.

* * *

The cure for wrinkles is primarily a mental process. If every girl and woman would sit before a large mirror and study her face for two hours at one sitting, engaging meanwhile in any everyday conversation, she could discover her own tendencies and would herself understand how to correct such muscular inclinations.

Nervous women would see the fretful lines in process of formation. The girl given to sarcasm would be shocked to find her pretty lips constantly practicing a sneer, and each one, if she made up her mind, could break herself of her own particular beauty-destroying habit.

* * *

Few women realize that the secret of face care is to treat each feature separately. The majority of women do not seem to understand that there are as many complexions as there are figures, and that no one cosmetic can be good for all faces nor for all parts of the face. Rarely is the skin of nose and face of the same quality, and what is healing for one may be injurious for the other. For example, the skin may be of good quality all over the face except on the nose, where too much oil is secreted. Bathing the skin with a soft sponge dipped in borax water will be of value, while such treatment would be too drying for the rest of the face, or the wrinkles around the eyes may be treated with cocoa butter, which might be harmful for nose and cheek. Leave all cosmetics severely alone, unless you thoroughly understand their use.

* * *

The difficulty of bathing in the sea without incurring sunburn seems insurmountable, but much may done to prevent it by using the same counteracting influence as on other occasions, an application of cold cream and a liberal supply of powder, with an effort to keep the face from contact with the water. Salt-water bathing is enjoyable as a diversion and healthful as a tonic, but it is not good as a hairdressing or complexion lotion. The wise maiden is she who foregoes something of the picturesqueness, refuses to be allured by the sight of luxuriant locks drying in the sun and takes her bath with hair protected by an oilskin cap and face shielded by a wide-brimmed straw hat. She may not look so pretty for the few moments on the sand, but is filled with triumph a little later when she dresses for dinner and looks fair as a lily, while all the other girls resemble ox-eyed daisies, all yellow and brown.

* * *

A "beauty" specialist declares that the hot, dry atmosphere of the average American dwelling is largely responsible for the present alarming tendency among American women to early grayness and thinning of the hair. To insure its health and vigor the hair, like the body, requires plenty of fresh air, and this, under the systems of artificial heating now in vogue, it does not get to the extent that it should. It is a good plan to let the hair hang free during the night and also during as many of the daylight hours as circumstances permit, for in this way the scalp becomes rested, air reaches through the tresses to the roots, and the tension upon the hair is, for a time at least, removed.

* * *

A noted beauty who is the star of one of the most successful plays of the season, uses the following method to preserve her clear complexion and the lines of her charming figure: The whites of six or eight eggs are beaten to a stiff froth and applied to the skin (where the entire body is to be covered more eggs are required); after half an hour this is washed off with warm milk and the final touch consists of a thorough massage and rub-down with whisky. Truly a novel way!

* * *

Night time is the best for the hot tub bath, and after it one should get into bed as soon as possible. A rub-down with a mixture of lavender water and alcohol will be found most refreshing and also a preventive against taking cold. Liquid ammonia in the proportion of a gill to a pailful of water is a most useful addition to the bath.

For the morning sponge warm salt water is delightful and very invigorating. The water is easily and cheaply prepared by dissolving a cupful of rock salt in a pint of warm water, then adding it to the bath water. After the sponge rub quickly with a Turkish towel. Roughness of the skin and chapping in winter are often caused by the skin being imperfectly dried.

A quick and effectual way to take the morning bath is to run about six inches of warm water into the bathtub then stand in this and lather the body well from head to foot with suds made from a pure olive oil soap. Then dash off the suds with a spray if possible, afterwards drying the body with a brisk rubbing. In this manner the morning bath will not take more than ten minutes.

A warm bath should never be taken immediately before going outdoors in cold or even cool weather. If it unexpectedly happens that one is called out just after the bath is taken, the throat, chest and back, also the feet and ankles should be rubbed with alcohol.

Sulphur vapor baths are very beneficial, but are better taken at a regular bathing establishment than at home, for the fumes are most disagreeable and it is next to impossible to prevent them from penetrating the house. Not only are they far from sweet smelling, but they are suffocating as well.

For persons suffering from poor circulation bran baths are to be recommended, and as they require only a tub of warm water, a peck of bran and a couple of Turkish towels, they are within the reach of every one. The bran costs only a few cents, and should be emptied into the warm water. The surface of the body must be well rubbed with the mixture, and after the bath the sensation is one of delightful warmth. One feels thoroughly invigorated and cleansed. Oatmeal may be used instead of the bran, but of course is more expensive, although with some skins, especially delicate ones, it agrees much better.

* * *

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GIRLS' LONG COATS.

(Described on page 46.)

TALKS TO OUR GIRLS.

And Problems that Interest Them.

By MARION E. TAYLOR.

TO-DAY I have to deal with problems that are found in a case that came to my notice not long ago, and the facts are so peculiar and strange that you may be interested in knowing about them. At first I hesitated, because it deals with an engagement. Finally, I came to the conclusion that I would do so as the career of love and marriage is as definite in its claims, rather more, I was about to say, than are those of any other for which girls have to prepare themselves. For what is their daily discipline but a preparation for the great act of their lives? To accustom our thoughts to an ideal is to prepare ourselves to act finely in it.

The case I have mentioned is very tragic, as it involves a girl's life and a man's reputation, and I know not what else. It is nothing less than this: A young man was employed to find out the author of some petty crime. While doing so he became engaged to a girl to whom he confided the secret of his mission. Judge of his horror when he found she was the culprit. The case of conscience as it stands is this: "Ought the young man denounce his betrothed and let her go to prison, as she surely will if he tells all he knows. Or should he keep her secret, and so play false to his employers?"

* * *

In the judgment of some people this question is easily answered. In the new relationship into which he and the girl have entered, these folk would say, his first duty is assuredly to her. He has contracted an obligation which overrides all other considerations. The duty to his employer is altogether subsidiary to the fact of his engagement. In fact, the best way to settle it as a case of conscience is to settle it as a case of feeling. Let any one try to imagine himself or herself (I can hear these people saying), or any human being playing the part of accuser in such a case. It is unthinkable in sentiment and therefore it must be so in morals. The young man may feel sorry for his employer, perhaps on the whole, he has good reason to feel sorry for himself, but there it is. The girl has placed her whole life in his keeping and the charge is sacred. But, of course, even these people would allow, it could not as an obligation, go further than that. He might quite easily be unable to bear the shock of his changed opinion of her and refuse to go on with his engagement. He has (I can imagine people saying) only to suppose that the attempt to do his duty to his employer has been frustrated by an insuperable difficulty. Suppose he had lost his life it would have been so frustrated. Suppose he had failed by any other overmastering accident. Well, he has failed in this instance by the tremendous accident of his engagement to the girl, so logically failed that perhaps the master himself would be the person to feel the strongest contempt for him if he betrayed the secret.

* * *

Of course, we will hope that the problem and the case have not been overstated. There is a certain air of literary contrivance in this case as it stands that does not leave me altogether free from suspicion. The young man is employed to find out the author of a crime. What is the young man? Is he a private detective? If this is so, why did he speak of his business to his betrothed? Then the case is of such an appalling nature that in the event of a detection a prison punishment awaits her? Oh, dear, oh, dear! Is it quite so bad as that, or is it no worse than this, that the young man has been put on the track of some peccadillo of a very slight nature, and his recognition of the offender would subject her to a reprimand? Is it "What terrible crime has been committed?" or is it only, "Who stole the jam?"

* * *

Whether it does or does not in this instance, I think it is highly desirable that all cases should be stated as they are, and only then are they extremely interesting. They have their ethical value for the thinker as pure problems, and an emotional and imaginative value for others as illustrations of the play of life, character and incident.

* * *

Not long ago I was told that our manners, as a nation, were deteriorating, but I think a common fault with all is that we do not associate frankness with pleasantness. We seem to think that truth is always disagreeable, is always hard. I am quite sure that if you will only look into the matter fully you will see that this is at the root of bad manners. We do not care to please. To associate sincerity and truth with pleasantness does not occur to most of us. And truth is quite as much associated with what is pleasant as with what is unpleasant. Now, what I feel is this, that if you were determined to be pleasant to strangers and, if possible, always to say the nice thing to them, and never to say the hurtful thing except when you cannot help it, you would find you are just as truthful as when you ignore everything that is kindly.

Are you quite sure also that there is not some snobbery in your attitude of mind, that you are not afraid of making acquaintances who are not your social equals? And as to excusing it all by pleading that you are ready to do a good turn to one you have steadily ignored, it is like saying that when a person is bruised black and blue you are ready to give her a pennyworth of ointment for her wounds, but not before. Now, is this not founded upon the old idea of patronage? And what I mean by good manners has nothing to do with patronage, but is simply founded upon fellow-feeling. There is no necessity to enter upon a friendship. If it was more of a habit to seek to please, to have always a kindly relationship with others, there would be no thought of any further development. We ought not to find difficulty in speaking to another girl, pleading that we have nothing to say to her. Surely we need not seek very far to find some little subject of discussion that would be pleasant to have and pleasant to remember. We must strengthen our temperament. We must remember that many times those who hurt do not mean to hurt, but they simply have certain sensibilities blunted that prevent them from understanding the pain to which more emotional nature is liable.

* * *

It is trifles which shade off the points of difference between the various degrees of breeding. Why not then make ourselves acquainted with all these various shades, if it is true that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well? These points constitute part of what is in the whole no arbitrary and fanciful set of dicta. It is a sequence of logical deductions and applications. Necessities of social life produced conventionalities; they are the harness in which the race is run. Those who ridicule or defy them, who take pleasure in outraging them, give evidence that they are not accustomed to their observance, and that neither they themselves belong, nor have their ancestors belonged, to the ranks of the most highly cultivated of their time. The ignorant and the uncultivated are the only ones who undervalue the requirements of good breeding. It has been said that the whole object of these laws is to maintain the dignity of the individual and the comfort of the community. Their observance takes away the *désagrément* that might result from the meeting of people of opposite character and education, rounds off the sharp angles, and allows us to slip easily over all the dangerous places in our views and wishes and experiences which are nobody's business but our own. Whatever enjoyment we have from our daily existence is possible only through our obedience to the laws of that etiquette which governs the whole machinery, and keeps every cog and wheel in place, and at its own work, which prevents jostling, and carries all things along comfortably to their consummation.

NOTE.—Questions of interest to girls will be answered on this page, but inquirers must give name and addresses. If stamps or addressed envelopes are enclosed questions will be answered by mail.

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FOR THE LITTLE TOTS.

(Described on pages 46 and 49.)

THE CHAINS THAT BIND US.

(Continued from page 15.)

In this way I wandered from one of the ladies to another, but it seemed I was doomed to disappointment, and I was half glad that it should be so, for candidly not one would have pleased me, and not one in the least resembled my ideal.

After a while we had some singing, some more conversation and then we retired. The program for the next day was the hunt in the morning, then luncheon and in the evening a little masquerade was to take place, but only the ladies were to be in costume, not the men, and we were to guess the names of the ladies. Mrs. Robinson said, just before we retired, that she expected some more guests for this ball, and these words made my heart beat loudly. "Perhaps Diana is among them," was the thought that flashed through my mind and revived my already sunken hopes and wishes.

The next day Mrs. Villiers accompanied us. She sat splendidly in the saddle and had her fiery steed well under control, and as usual a crowd of admirers surrounded her, but it seemed to me as if she favored me just a trifle. Again, I was almost convinced that I had found Diana, but all my allusions to the many little things that had been mentioned in our letters to each other she ignored entirely. Of course, our conversation *à deux* was limited and never lasted more than a few moments, partly because in the eagerness of the sport we became separated, and partly because at every opportunity the gentlemen pressed around her, anxious for a word of praise. I was now thoroughly interested and asked Sweetser to give me all the particulars about her that he knew.

"Oh, there is no doubt that she is very handsome," he said, "quite alluring, in fact, but I don't think she deserves a good man's love. Again, let me warn you. She made her husband's life miserable and then left him; her admirers she drives to the verge of insanity and then laughs at their sentimentality. She has ruined more than one man's heart and has worked more evil than she can ever repair."

This information was painful in the highest degree.

"But," I thought, "a woman is so often misunderstood. If she is the writer of those letters I know her better than the world."

After luncheon, which was served very late, owing to our delay in returning, I went at once to my room, and made myself comfortable; I lit a cigar and as I watched the blue smoke curl away I read myself the following lecture:

"Barton, my boy, you've been dreaming too much about happiness. You will never meet your affinity here. A divorced woman, and a coquette at that, how in the world is she to satisfy your heart's longing? You should have remained at your work, instead of following such idiotic ideas. But who knows, perhaps Diana has only arrived today."

My thoughts were still dwelling on this favorite theme, when the door opened and my valet entered.

"What do you want? It is too early to dress."

"Just received this box for you sir," he said, giving me a small package, and again leaving the room.

I opened it, and found, lying among the satin folds, a half-blown La France rose. In the bottom of the box was a slip of paper with the words: "Greeting from Diana."

The well-known writing made me feel as if I had found a long-lost friend, and my dream with all its sweetness, that had been half erased by Mrs. Villiers, arose once more.

* * *

Decorated with the rose I entered the drawing-room, as full of expectancy and anxiety as yesterday, increased, if anything, by the knowledge that Diana was now really present. There were a good many more new arrivals, some of whom I knew and some not, and among them several very charming women. But I had no time to ask for introductions because dinner was served a little earlier than usual to give the ladies time to don their costumes. Again I had the misfortune to be Mrs. Miller's neighbor at table, which did not augment my good humor and I fear the good lady found my conversation anything but interesting, and that I mixed my subjects up hopelessly. I know we talked about ex libres and philosophy, of which, I proudly informed her, I was the leader of an entirely new school. She seemed to regard the whole as a harmless fad, but what does a woman know of such things? Finally the ladies absented themselves to appear again about ten o'clock masked and costumed. Our charming hostess, and the majority of the dowagers, had just thrown a domino over their evening gowns, but the younger set represented Watteau shepherdesses, milkmaids, flower girls, peasants, etc., etc. As the little affair was entirely improvised no special costumes were required.

I knew that now my hour had come, and that before long my adored and charming Diana would reveal her identity to me. Hardly had the thought passed through my mind when I noticed a tall, queenly figure, wearing a white satin and lace domino and a tiny black mask, approach me slowly. In her hand she held a few pink roses. I advanced a few steps to meet her.

"Diana!" was all I said.

Without a word she took my arm and I noticed that the hand that lay white as a lily-leaf on the black cloth of my Tuxedo was the same dimpled and lovely hand of the picture.

"Diana, Diana," I repeated, "just say one word."

"Yes, it is I, Mr. Barton," was the answer, in low agitated tones, and the hand on my arm trembled visibly.

I myself was so moved that I could hardly speak, and I led her away from the crowded ballroom, through a number of adjoining salons, until we came to a secluded little room, all in pale-blue and gold, where I knew we would, for the present, at least, be safe from intrusion. Near the fireplace with its blazing gas-logs stood two big easy chairs and in these we seated ourselves, Diana motioning me to take the one opposite her. For a while neither said a word, I suppose each one waiting for the other to take the initiative. Diana lay half concealed in the roomy chair and one little foot in a white satin slipper was resting on the fender.

"Diana," I said finally, "we are alone here—will you not take off your mask?"

She shook her head.

"Not yet," she said, in an unsteady voice.

"You seem to fear me, Diana; have you lost the confidence that breathed from your letters? Are you taking away from the original the sympathy you gave your correspondent?"

Again she shook her head.

"No," she answered, "it is not that—but—you see the meeting of soul with soul, as it were, has now resolved itself into the ordinary meeting of a lady and gentlemen at a country house party—and the unusual—and I may say—the impermissible—of the whole proceeding stands forth so very clearly—I am embarrassed—almost ashamed. In order to converse with you further I must, at least for the present, keep the mask before my face. Behind it I feel something of the security that lies in your not knowing who I am. It is the sole thing remaining of the mysticism of our friendship."

"Friendship, Diana! On my part—as I have had the presumption to write you—it is—it is love!"

"But, Mr. Barton, you do not know who I am, where I am from—how I look."

"I know more than that. What is a name—what matters the form of the face—compared to such pure and holy thoughts and ideas that are to be found in every one of your dear, sweet letters?"

"And you, too, my dear Mr. Barton, have revealed yourself so fully in your letters, I know your whole nature and tendencies—I would gladly reveal my identity—and yet—like Julia in the balcony scene, I feel my cheeks burn, and while she thanked the night that concealed her from Romeo's eyes, so I thank this mask that hides me from you."

"And like Romeo, I will swear that you shall be my life's queen!" I cried, gently taking her hand in both of mine.

"You are too impatient, Mr. Barton. You swear too soon. Why, you do not even know if I am free."

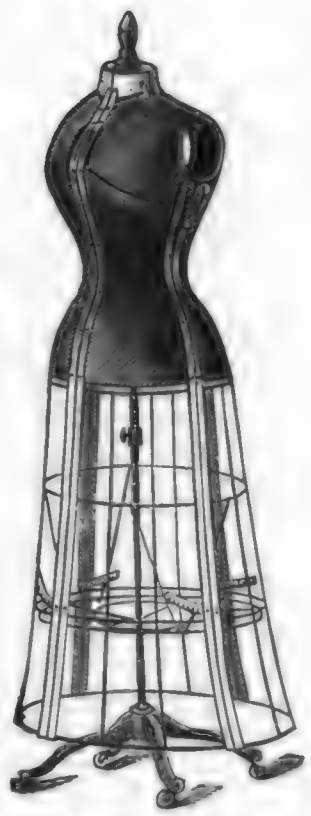
"You must have known that you were free to dispose of your heart when you wrote the words: *cela engagerait à tout.* My most intense and earnest wish is that you are still unmarried. The foundation of the whole correspondence was the wish to marry happily. Diana, will you not say one kind word to me, give me a little hope?"

"Well, as long as I am secure behind my mask, I will talk seriously to you. I thank you sincerely for the proposal that you make me, an entire stranger—or have you endeavored in any way to trace me, to find out who I am?"

"I give you my word that I have not."

"Very well, I thank you again, and shall give you my answer. I know who you are, and also know you personally. I know that you are a man of honor in every sense, and besides—pardon me—not a philosopher, but a poet. Your letters, coming to me in my humdrum, prosaic life, have opened a new world to me entirely. How solitary were my days, spent with my books, my favorite authors! I had so lost

(Continued on page 39.)



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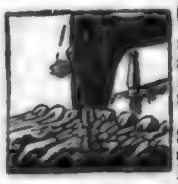

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(Described on page 49.)

YOUR OWN AFFAIRS.

THE MAN WHO BABBLES TELLS WHAT COMES OF TALKING TOO MUCH.

ONE of the qualities we distinguish in those whose characters we admire is a sense of reserve.

The strong man keeps his own counsel; others babble.

It is a weakness into which we fall with ease.

We like to talk about ourselves.

On some occasions we enthusiastically reveal our emotions, our thoughts, our hopes and our failings.

It becomes an absolute pleasure to confess.

The confidant instead of being gratified at the implied trust receives these intimate relations with irritation. Nevertheless we proceed. A sort of glow of self-righteousness supervenes. Having begun we take a delight in going on to the end. We keep nothing back. It is like letting off steam.

When it is all over we feel suddenly deflated. Our hearts are naked. Promptly we regret the exposure.

We want then that our confessor should in turn confess.

We consider it ungenerous that the person who has listened to our private affairs should not equally be open with us. Why should the man be silent to whom we have been so frank?

Something of the kind is a common experience.

Study yourself therefore to be prepared to combat these convulsive fits of confidence.

To those who readily tell their own affairs I say they lack the first characteristic of true greatness.

"A man who cannot hold his peace," says Carlyle, "is no right man."

Consume your own smoke.

What good ever comes of babbling?

It is an insanity of conceit.

It is the feeblest species of self-display.

You buttonhole someone and say: "Now I would tell you exactly what is going on within me." He does not want to hear. Internally we all work about the same way. All these wonderful emotions and experiences of yours are common to your fellowmen. The stronger they are the less outward evidence they give of their machinery. Results only are observable. In this way they have the appearance of being, as it were, supernatural, at all events extraordinary.

To be conspicuous you must observe, at least, a certain amount of mystery about yourself. This is your charm. A strong character is never entirely understood.

Don't unravel yourself.

Don't explain away your personal magnetism.

Thus, instead of minimizing your value you will enhance it.

No babbler was ever impressive.

"We cannot," writes Emerson, "find the smallest part of the personal weight of Washington in the narrative of his exploits. The authority of the name of Schiller is too great for his books. This inequality of the reputation to the works or the anecdotes is not accounted for by saying that the reverberation is longer than the thunderclap; but somewhat resided in these men which begot an expectation that outran all their performance. The largest part of their power was latent. This is what we call character—a reserved force which acts directly by presence and without means. It is conceived of a certain undemonstrable force, a familiar or genius, by whose impulses the man is guided, but whose counsels he cannot import."

Now, there is a distinction between this reserve force which is inborn greatness and mere reserve. But the two are allied. Self-control and self-sufficiency has not only the appearance of strength but is a sign of power.

It may be noticed that people who are not by nature communicative become so in return for confidences reposed in them.

It is unfair, they say, when you have heard the secrets of your neighbor, for you in turn to communicate nothing to him.

For such a one the philosopher Epictetus had an answer ready:

"Did I ask you for your secret, my man? Did you communicate your affairs on certain terms that you should in return hear mine also? If you are a babbler and think that all who meet you are friends, do you wish me also to be like you? But why, if you did well in intrusting your affairs to me, and it is not well for me to intrust mine to you, do you wish me to be so rash? It is just the same as if I had a cask which is water tight and you one with a hole in it, and you should come and deposit with me your wine that I might put it into my cask and then should complain that I also do not intrust my wine to you, for you have a cask with a hole in it. How is there any equality here?"

Permit yourself a moment of retrospection. Have you ever gained anything by telling your affairs to another? Nothing. Afterward you have regretted your talkativeness. In almost every case you have in the long run suffered from thus "giving yourself away." You think less of yourself for your weakness; you have caused another to have a smaller opinion of you. Somehow or other what you have said to one will before long be the common property of many. Your confidant, who was bored to listen, is delighted to repeat. In this way many reputations are lost.

THE CHAINS THAT BIND US.

(Continued from page 37.)

myself in their high thoughts and ideals that my view of life was becoming altogether too exalted, too impossible. Among my surroundings I felt miserable, and began to think that my whole days were to be spent in this uninteresting prose, that I would never meet my ideal, when our correspondence suddenly showed me a kindred heart, whose thoughts were even higher than my own, which beat just as warmly and ardently as mine, and finally, when your letter came—saying—Diana I love you—then—"

"Well—then? Tell me Diana—your words fall like sweet music on my ear."

"Then I ceased feeling miserable. Mr. Barton—I was happy—supremely happy—"

I was just on the point of taking her boldly in my arms and removing the mask forcibly that hid her lovely face from me, when the door opened and Sweetser came in. How I wished he were in the very remotest part of Halifax just then!

"Ah, another pair of intriguers? It is time to unmask—I must ask you to come with me to the drawing-room."

With Sweetser's entrance Diana had quickly jumped up and gone to the window, where she was now hidden behind the heavy curtain.

"You are playing the irresistible, it seems," said Sweetser in a low voice to me. "But I would advise you not to begin any love affairs that lead to nothing. I know a brilliant *partie* for you—Elizabeth Miller—what do you say to that? An idea of my sister's—she thinks you are suited to each other."

"I am awfully sorry, but my heart is not free."

Diana came toward us, and with all the courage of a great love said slowly:

"Pardon my indiscretion, Mr. Sweetser, I heard your words just now."

"Then you have also heard my answer, that my heart is not free?" I exclaimed.

"You yourself are the one," said Sweetser, turning to Diana, "to whom Mr. Barton's fettered heart belongs?"

"Yes, I am; and I am proud and happy to take possession of it," was her answer, as she slowly unfastened her mask and stood before us in all her radiant beauty.

"Elizabeth!" I cried with delight.

"Oh, dear, what have I done?" sighed Sweetser.

"*Cela n'engage à rein*," smiled my sweet Elizabeth.

"*Cela engage à tout*," was my reply.

Sweetser shook his head. "I don't know what you are talking about."

* * *

What is there left to say! To-morrow is mine and Elizabeth Miller's wedding day.

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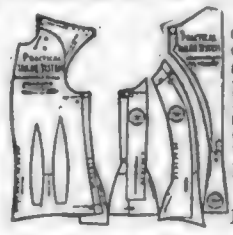

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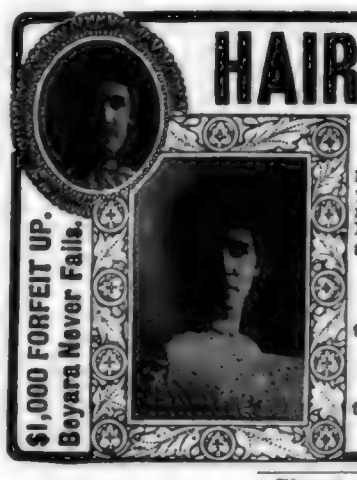

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AN ADVENTURE OF ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN.

ROBIN HOOD leaned his bow carefully against a tree trunk and blew three loud, shrill blasts on his bugle. The sound echoed through the leafy wood and startled several blackbirds who were holding a noisy meeting in the old oak tree. They chirped back an indignant reply, but this was not the answer that Robin Hood expected. He raised his bugle to his lips and blew three more blasts, louder and shriller than the preceding ones.

"What makes them take such a long time?" he muttered, angrily, as he took up his bow and prepared to depart. Just as he was turning away, however, a crashing and rustling of the undergrowth and the murmured sound of voices broke on his ear. Coming events cast their shadows before, and the crashing, rustling and murmuring only heralded the entrance of the rest of the band.

They were clad in Lincoln green, and each one carried a quiver of arrows on his back and a strung bow in his hand. At the sight of their chief they came bounding merrily along. Little John in front, Friar Tuck a few paces behind and Alan-a-Dale bringing up the rear with her sunbonnet hanging by the strings, as usual.

"Why didn't you come at once?" asked Robin Hood sternly, while the panting band stood attentively around him.

"We came as fast as we could," said Little John, sulkily. "How on earth were we to know you were here? I've been hunting for you all over the place."

"Yes, and I've had to fag along with this," said Friar Tuck, pointing to a large mat which had seriously impeded his progress.

"What do you want the woolly mat for? We aren't playing Indians."

"It isn't a woolly mat, you owl. It is a red deer which I slew in yonder glen. We will have venison pie for supper," said Friar Tuck, stroking the woolen surface tenderly.

"I'd sooner have apples," muttered Little John, who was practical and found make-believe eating very unsatisfactory.

"Well, I called you here to give my orders," said Robin Hood, returning to business. "We will separate here and go our different ways. The sun is still high in the heavens, and at the usual time we will meet at the trysting place and tell our adventures. Buck up, now, and don't be all day. We must all choose different paths, and I bag Goblin's Drive."

"Oh! I wanted that. Well, I'll take Skull Grotto, anyway."

"Oh, bother! You two always sneak the best. I suppose I must have Leafy Lane."

That only left the Avenue for little Alan-a-Dale, and she sighed wearily as she saw the others disappearing down their different paths. Alan-a-Dale was far too well trained to dare to dispute any of Robin Hood's orders; but it was rather hard, she reflected, that because she was the youngest she always had the last choice. Who could expect any adventures to happen when they had to walk along a stupid Avenue! She knew just how it would be. When they met at dinner Robin Hood would have wonderful tales to relate, and Friar Tuck would have performed prodigies of valor, and Little John would have replenished the larder, while she would have to sit and listen, and wish with all her heart that she might be twelve or eleven, or even ten, instead of only eight.

Robin Hood always had wonderful adventures. To be sure he generally chose the adventurous path, where he had to go past the gnarled tree which they all knew was really the Sheriff, their deadliest enemy. Then he had to cross the tree over the stream, and he was always meeting people (in imagination) and having trials of strength. One glorious afternoon he had come into camp covered with flour, which he had dredged over himself.

That was the day he had such a hard fight with the Miller.

It was rather hard that wonderful things never happened to her, thought little Alan-a-Dale, sadly, as she pushed her way through a thicket. The unkind nettle stung her bare legs, and the twigs flew back in her face and stung her worse than the nettles. This combination of misfortunes was more than Alan-a-Dale could bear, and she broke into a low sob as she pushed her way through the remaining shrubs and emerged on to the main road.

"Hello! What's the matter?" cried a cheerful voice.

Alan-a-Dale looked up, considerably startled. It was not often anyone invaded the wood, and the child was ashamed to be seen crying. So she looked up and she looked down, and felt very much inclined to run away from the gentleman who stood looking at her so kindly.

"Why, you poor little thing, what stings you have! Why ever don't you wear stockings instead of those ridiculous socks?" cried the stranger, kneeling down on the turf and applying some cool dock leaves to the sunburnt little legs. "There, that's better now, isn't it? And you have scratched your face as well! You have been in the wars and no mistake. Don't cry any more, there's a good girl. Tell me what your name is and what is the matter."

The voice was very kind, and the dock leaves were very cool, and the sympathy was very sweet; Alan-a-Dale's shyness fell from her, while she gave the stranger an account of all her troubles.

"I want to have adventures like the others," she confessed plaintively.

"You see we play games, the boys and I; and sometimes we play at Robinson Crusoe, and sometimes at Indians, but mostly we play at Robin Hood, and this is Sherwood Forest you know; at least it isn't really, but we pretend it is. And our home is Nottingham; not really you know, but pretending. And Robin Hood he's twelve, and he is always having wonderful adventures, and once he had a real fight and had a big bump on his head. And Little John he is eleven, and Friar Tuck he is ten, and me, I'm eight, and nothing ever happens to me. I only have to sing the ballads and fetch the things that everyone has forgotten, and—and oh, I do so want to do something as well. Meeting you is a sort of adventure if only I could think of something for you to be. Let's see. You can't be the Sheriff, 'cause Robin Hood is sure to want him. But—oh! I know. Would you—would you mind being the Abbot? Oh, please, please do be the Abbot." And Alan-a-Dale caught hold of his hand in entreaty.

Of course the stranger would be the Abbot. He would have been a crocodile or anything you liked, if in so doing he could have dried the tears on Alan-a-Dale's rosy cheeks.

"But How, When and Where?" he asked, as he straightened out the crushed sun-bonnet and tied the strings carefully under her chin.

"Come now. Come at once. I'm sure the others will be at the trysting place before us. Oh, do please come quickly." And Alan-a-Dale, tugging impatiently at his coat, prepared to dive once more through the sea of nettles and thorn bushes.

"Not that way," said the stranger, whom we must now call the Abbot. "I don't mean to let you get scratched again. We'll go by another way."

Meanwhile Robin Hood and his merry men had pursued their different ways, and met once more under the greenwood tree. It was a surprise not to find Alan-a-Dale patiently watching for them as usual, but they agreed to wait for her a few minutes before beginning their usual revelry. Their patience was not put to a severe test, for it was not long before an excited little figure burst upon them, crying: "Guess what I've got, guess what I've got."

"Some grub?"

"A frog?"

"A toad?"

"No. The Abbot!"

The others stared at her in amazement. It was the first time that Alan-a-Dale had ever caught anything but a scolding, and they did not quite understand what she meant. Before they

could question her, Alan-a-Dale lanced away as excitedly as she ame and reappeared leading the tranger by the hand, at sight of whom the boys turned quite red.

But the stranger soon put them at their ease. He explained in medieval language how he had encountered the redoubtable Alan-a-Dale, how he had been obliged to yield to superior force and be dragged a prisoner before the king of the forest.

Robin Hood stepped forward, pulling his bugle more prominently into view. "I am Robin Hood," he said proudly, "though I have other names as well. Here in the forest I am king and these are my willing subjects. This is Little John. Not a bad sort when you know him, but rather a rough diamond. This is Friar Tuck, he is all right. Alan-a-Dale you already know. Now, my merry men—for the grub. We don't starve our prisoners, Sir Abbot. Share and share alike is the rule of the greenwood."

In addition to the imaginary venison pasty they had, thanks to Robin Hood, a haunch of—er—ham bone, a small bowl of blackberries, some bread and cheese, and a deliciously sticky concoction called "sugger buttie."

These good things were washed down by copious draughts of sack and mead, which tasted very like water.

"Have some lemon kali, won't you?" said Robin Hood hospitably, at the same time shoveling a large quantity of the powder into his mead and thereby changing it to sack. "Don't you really want any? Never mind, you can have some good red wine from your own cellar."

When the more solid portion of the meal had ended, Robin Hood offered to relate his adventures; and the others settled themselves to listen.

"I went through the forest without mishap," he began, "meeting no. one save an honest knave, who told me that the Sheriff was having high jinks at Nottingham this week. 'Marry,' thought I, "twill be rare sport to join in the fun and have my share of the grub.' So I went to Nottingham and mixed with the throng. Then I followed one of the Sheriff's men-at-arms up a steep staircase till I came to a room in which was laid out a goodly spread. Methought 'twould be a ripping rag to crib some of the goodly spread, so I filled a basket and let it down out of the window by a trusty cord. The basket was suspended over the moat, and I was just preparing to descend when an armed giant appeared and tried to stab me in the back. I caught him by the neck and swung him far out of the window into the moat below, where he fell with a mighty splash. Then I turned around and beheld a second giant leaning against the wall, laughing scornfully. Now, I had lost my good broadsword in the fight and so was completely at the mercy of this churl. 'Never say die, Robin Hood,' said I, and I made for his ugly face in the proper style. He parried the blows, and was just going to finish me off with the butt-end of a spear, when I gave him one on the nose which made him lean heavily against the wall. He raised his club above his head, his eyes blazed with fury, and I thought my last hour had come, when suddenly a secret spring in the wall shot back and the varlet fell into a deep and noisome dungeon. The door banged to with a snap and I swarmed down the rope, took the basket in my teeth and swam to

"OUR GIRLIE."

the drawbridge and made for the greenwood and—and that is all."

We are told that cowards die many times before their death. According to that adage, Robin Hood was the bravest man that ever lived, for he did not die even when he clearly ought to have done so. He bore a charmed life. Time after time he had been victorious against fearful odds. He had been shot at with poisoned arrows; thrust with spears and pikes; hanged with hempen rope; and yet he always escaped to tell the tale.

When this stirring recital was ended, and had been applauded, it was Little John's turn to speak. Little John, as I said before, was practical, and had but little imagination.

"As soon as I got home," he began.

"You mean to Nottingham?" interrupted Friar Tuck.

"Yes. As soon as I got to Nottingham, mother sent me upstairs to wash my hands, 'cause she said I was a disgrace to the family. And when I came downstairs she sent me up to wash them again. And then when I came down I heard Uncle Jim say, 'I want some one to do a little errand for me.' So I hooked it through the kitchen garden, and I sneaked these because I thought they would do grandly for dessert." And Little John held up a big bunch of carrots in triumph.

Friar Tuck's story was rather more bloodthirsty.

"As I was wending my way through yon glade" ("yon" was a favorite word with the Friar) "I saw a stout varlet eating apples. 'Give me those apples,' quoth I, very politely. 'That will I not', quoth he. 'Then we will see which is the better man,' quoth I, and therewith I brought down my stout staff a sounding thump on his surly pate. He didn't see much fun in that, and he got rather raggy. He made for me in an awful bate, but I parried his blows and gave him one for himself on the skull. Soon the fellow began to roar lustily for mercy; so I took the spoil and went on my way." And Friar Tuck proudly produced the apples, which he had bought at the village shop in the usual uninteresting manner.

When nothing was left of the banquet but the carrot-tops and apple-peel, Robin Hood suggested that the Abbot and he should have a trial of skill. Three arrows were gravely handed to the Abbot, and a willow-wand was planted in the ground for him to shoot at. The Abbot had fallen completely into the spirit of the game; so it is hardly necessary to state that his arrows went very, very wide of the mark.

Then did bold Robin Hood choose him three trusty shafts, winged with the feather of the grey goose, and, drawing his yew bow to the full extent of the shaft, he did send the darts one after the other into the quivering willow-wand.

The willow-wand was really a target fifteen feet in circumference; but it sounds so much better to call it a willow-wand.

"Now I must pay my ransom," said the Abbot, who thought it was time he took his departure. "How much do you rate me at? Will a dollar apiece suffice?"

The boys looked at one another in delight. They had never thought of such a charming finale to the game. However, they felt obliged to refuse the kind offer: but, although they said "Oh, no thanks. We couldn't, really," they said it in a tone which to a well-trained ear meant "We should like to," and, after a little more persuasion, they agreed to pocket their scruples and the money at the same time.

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USEFUL AND TIMELY RECIPES AND SUGGESTIONS.

Edited by LIA RAND, author of the "Philosophy of Cooking," etc.

PRESERVES.

I BELIEVE that every thrifty housekeeper should put up her own preserves and pickels. The cost of doing so is nominal and the result is assured when one has good ripe fruit and good reliable recipes. The vessel used for preserving must never be used for anything else. After the fruit is put up in air-tight jars, let it cool, and cover with a piece of white paper dipped in brandy. Keep them in a dry closet, and if you have occasion to require only a small quantity close the jar up again, taking care not to breathe on it.

Once in a while look at the preserves, and if by any accident they should not keep well, pour off the juice, boil it up, adding a little sugar, and when cold pour it over the fruit. Place labels, with the name of each preserve on their respective jars.

Strawberry Preserve.

To each pound of whole, well-selected strawberries take one pound of granulated sugar. Clear the sugar by putting a small coffee-cup of water to every pound of sugar; boil and skim off the foam until it is transparent. Put in the strawberries, let them boil for five minutes, take them out with a skimmer (kept for that purpose) and put into the jars that have been standing in hot water, to prevent their breaking when the hot fruit is filled in. Allow the juice to boil for some time, taking care it does not get dark. Now and then drain the juice forming in the jars into the boiling syrup. When sufficiently boiled fill up the jars, set aside over night. The next day cover with a brandy paper and close up.

Sour Cherry Preserve.

Done in the same way as the strawberries, pound of fruit and pound of sugar. Stem the cherries before weighing. Boil them in the syrup for one-quarter of an hour. Pint jars are the most appropriate for this preserve.

Currant Preserve.

Strip the currants from their stems, weigh a pound of currants for every pound of sugar. Clear the sugar as for the strawberries and boil the currants for ten minutes. Follow the above directions when boiled enough.

Blackberry Preserve.

To every pound of good berries add one teacupful of water, boil until they are thoroughly cooked. Take three-quarters of a pound of granulated sugar to every pound of berries, boil together, and skim until no foam rises. Put it hot in air-tight jars. For this preserve get the large blackberry called the Lawton. It is a cultivated berry and very large.

Whole Crab Apple Preserve.

Take to every pound of well-selected crab apples one pound of sugar. Wipe the apples, leave the stems on and scald in boiling water, clear the sugar, put in the fruit, carefully drained out of the water. Then boil in the sugar until soft. Put the apples into jars, fill them right up, and allow the juice to boil on until pretty thick. Drain the liquor collected in the jars and add it to the boiling juice. When sufficiently thick pour it over the fruit, allow it to cool and tie up the next day.

Pear Preserve.

Get nice juicy pears, not too large, peel, cut in two, take out seeds and put them in a bowl of fresh water, in which you first squeeze a lemon. The lemon juice will keep the pears white. Wash lightly and allow to a pound of fruit three-quarters of a pound of granulated sugar. Clear the sugar, then put in the pears and boil until they look transparent and are soft. Then put the pears and juice into the preserve glasses and let all stand in a cool place for a few days. Pour off the juice, boil it until thick; when cold pour it over the fruit and tie up. The flavor is enhanced by the addition of a little green ginger.

Pear Chips (East Indian Preserve).

This preserve will be found economical and very nice for 4 o'clock tea or the children's supper. Weigh eight pounds of pears, hard pears preferred, after they are peeled, cored and sliced. Slice five peeled lemons and one with the skin on; remove all seeds. Weigh three pounds of sugar. Lay all in layers in a stone jar and let it stand over night. The next morning peel and cut up six ounces of green ginger, put it in a bag and with the pears in a preserving kettle. Let it get very hot, near boiling, then move to the back of the range, and simmer for five full hours. When cold, fill into glasses. It keeps well.

Apricot Preserve.

Take nice, even fruit, not too ripe, it may be rather hard, but not green. Peel, cut in two, take out the stones, weigh and put in a large china bowl with the cut side upward. Take pound for pound of granulated sugar and sprinkle it over the apricots. Let them stand well covered over night. Next day set them to cook on a slow fire, take care that they do not get too soft. Put them into jars, boil up the juice until quite thick, pour it over the fruit warm, but not too hot. Take some of the kernels, break them, take out the almonds and put some into each jar, as they give an agreeable flavor. Cover the jars with a cloth, let all stand for five days. Pour off the juice, boil it up, and pour over the fruit while hot. Tie up and put aside when cold.

Green Gage Preserve.

Weigh to every pound of unripe gages, one pound of sugar. Clear the sugar and set it to cool. Wipe each gage carefully, and prick it all over with a pin. Set them close together in the pan where the clear cold sugar has been boiled and set them to cook. When very hot, just before coming to the boil, take them out with a skimmer very gently and lay them on a sieve. Let the sugar cool again, and put in more gages to boil. In this way follow on until all the fruit is disposed of. Then arrange them carefully in jars, let the juice cool and fill every jar to the brim. Cover and let them stand for three days. Then pour off the juice, set it to boil, and pour into it as much arrack or brandy as will give it a taste. Boil until thick, and pour over the fruit, now ready to be covered. Done in this way, they will keep green, and be an ornament to the dinner table.

Melon Preserve.

Select hard, not entirely ripe net melons. Peel, cut in half, take out the seed with a silver spoon, cut the melons in slices two inches long and one and a half inches wide and weigh the fruit. Place into a jar and pour vinegar over it, just enough to cover. To every pound of the peeled melon allow three-quarters of a pound of granulated sugar. Let it stand in vinegar twenty-four hours and then add sugar. Let it stand again for twenty-four hours, then take the juice that has collected about the melons and boil it, skimming it until it looks clear. When cleared put in the melons, add whole cloves, whole cinnamon, the rind of lemons, peeled, and cut up green ginger. Calculate one ounce of each spice to two pounds of fruit. Allow it to boil until the slices of melon look transparent. Then take out the fruit and boil the syrup until quite thick. Pour the juice over the fruit when cold. It will be necessary to look at this preserve in a week or so, as the syrup may require to be boiled again.

Brandy Peaches.

To every pound of fruit one pound of sugar, clear the sugar. Select perfect peaches, wipe them and place them carefully in the cleared sugar. Allow it to remain on the fire until the fruit is entirely soaked, then take off fire, pour liquor and peaches gently into a dish, and leave them in a cool place for forty-eight hours. Then drain off the juice, boil it until thick, put the fruit into jars and pour over it the hot liquor, filling the jar half with it. When cold fill up the jar with very good brandy. When the fruit sinks in the jars it is a sign the brandy has been absorbed by it, and the preserve is ready for use. Select free stone peaches to brandy. The above recipe is easy of comprehension and it has never failed.

Cherries in Brandy.

Allow to three pounds of nice, large, sweet cherries a pound and a half of sugar. Wipe the cherries, cut off half their stems; put into a jar with the cherries a few cloves, some stick cinnamon. Arrange them nicely. Clear the sugar; when cool mix in a pint and a half of good French brandy. Pour the whole over the cherries into the jars, and when entirely cold tie up and set away. This preserve will not be ripe and fit to use before four weeks.

Blackberry Brandy.

Squeeze enough blackberries to make one quart of juice, pour it into the preserving kettle with one pound of white sugar. Make a bag of thin muslin and tie the following spices in it: Half ounce of grated nutmeg, half ounce of powdered cinnamon, one-quarter ounce of powdered allspice and one-quarter ounce of powdered cloves. Put this bag in the juice and boil all together for half an hour, skimming well. Cover closely and set aside to cool. When perfectly cold, strain out the spice bag and add one pint of best brandy. Bottle, cork well, sealing the corks.

LUCK PIECES.

THE VARIOUS ARTICLES REQUIRED IN THIS ERA OF PROGRESSIVENESS.

IN this day of trolley cars and automobiles, it is small wonder that the public has once more gone over to charms and amulets. The four-leaved clover and the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit tried to stem the tide of accident that surges through modern life, but the task was too great. Spell workers of greater antiquity, of broader experience, were needed. Isis and Horus, Krishna the Preserver, the seven household gods of China and Japan, were all called into counsel and their emblems now dangle from my lady's chain, or lie snugly in her purse, or in my lord's pocket.

For a time the tiny beasts and birds and other charms against evil influence were made only in gold and silver; and, even now, the fashionable woman is usually owner of a collection of the small mascots. Anything from a yak to a guinea pig may be bought in minute gold or silver presentment; but the real lucky charm is more esoteric and suggestive than the shining little golden animals that are bought in accordance with one's natural history prejudices rather than with one's knowledge of things occult.

The woman of means is now collecting her lucky animals in jade, chalcedony, lapis lazuli, agate, amber, crystal, coral and a host of semi-precious stones whose names sound like a paragraph from the Book of Revelations. One or two of the New York jewelry houses which cater to the very latest fads, and, as a matter of fact, often start the fads, have bewildering collections of these new "luck pieces," which are really the old luck pieces. Many of the little charms are carved in China, Japan, India, Egypt. More are carved here at home, after Oriental models, and in accordance with Oriental symbolism.

Jade in all its shades, from the dark green of the Russian jade to the apple green and milky white of Chinese jade, is a prime favorite among luck stones. It has sacred and powerful preservative qualities in itself, and when carved in the form of the sacred animals, fruit or symbols is warranted to save its price in doctors' bills within the year. There are marvelously wrought half-inch figures of Buddha in jade, miniature lotos blooms, elephants, cocks, cats, monkeys. The sacred cow of the Brahmins appears gaily decked in stones of many colors and with it come a long procession of Hindoo animals and idols. The Egyptian scarab is as plentiful as the locust of Pharaoh's time and the sacred crocodile, the bull Apis, the hawk, are represented carved from Egyptian stones. There are wee mummies, too, in their stone cases, fitted for a *memento mori* and other than a safeguard for a frivolous owner.

Quails, lizards, frogs, rabbits, dogs, pigs, birds of all kinds, animals sacred and animals profane are among the luck pieces.

The corals are, according to Italian tradition, an infallible charm against the evil eye, so coral charms vie in popularity with those more Oriental in character. Madame Réjane, the famous French actress, is never without her bunch of coral charms; but, with inconsistency deliciously feminine, she has them attached to the opal chains which, in spite of the protests of superstitious friends, she wears constantly.

"My corals," she said laughingly to a woman who recently commented on her coral charms, "are for the evil eye. I wear them to annoy my opals."

Another French actress wears a bunch of charms, which she values highly and which, although merely in gold, represent more money than many more pretentious. She is a great lover of animals and has a number of pets to which she is devoted. At one time or another almost all of these favorites have been immortalized in bronze or marble, some of the statuettes being made by famous sculptors. When the fad for animal charms came in the actress conceived the idea of having miniatures copied from her collection of statuettes, and now she carries, on long chains of cabochon stones, tiny golden portraits of her pets, past and present.

"If one could but do as much for one's lovers," she says, with a sigh. "But there are prejudices. For me, I find the idea charming, but the men of yesteryear—they object. It's a pity, isn't it?"

Ivory charms rival even jade and coral in the affections of collectors and many women, who do not care to wear a miniature menagerie, are enthusiastically collecting ivory beasties of every kind. The Japanese carvers turn out myriads of the little figures, wonderfully perfect in workmanship and design, and one New York woman has, in a cabinet made expressly for the purpose, an ivory Noah's ark, in which tiny ivory animals walk staidly, two by two. The owner has already thirty-two pairs of little beasts, but the necessity of buying the collection in pairs adds to her difficulty in finding what she wants, and she is threatening to have some of her animals carved to order.

* * *

INDIVIDUALITY OF DRESS.

We are often warned not to judge people by their dress and general appearance, but to look beyond and deeper into the beauties of mind and character. This is all very well and excellent advice, but it must not be forgotten that a large amount of individuality is shown, both in the choice and wearing of dress. Personality is bound to assert itself, and just as no two people will play a piece of music in exactly the same way, neither will a particular costume have the same effect when seen on different wearers. The little etceteras and dainty touches which help to make up a charming whole are either lacking or overdone by the slovenly and inartistic. The woman who is blind to the beautiful in Art and Nature is seldom a successful dresser; she can hardly expect to develop good taste in one direction only, and that in the adornment of her own person. Her single resource is her dressmaker, and like a wax figure, she arrays herself in clothes which are designed and executed with the sole view of being in the latest fashion. There is no self in this style of dressing and the result is peculiarly unsatisfactory.

The great art in dress is to adapt the passing fashions, not to copy them slavishly, but to wear what is smart and up-to-date, modified to one's own ideas and requirements. Many women who have a real vocation in life, who are either artists, authors or given up to good and unselfish work, look upon dress as beneath their notice, and unworthy of their time and consideration. That it is possible to be clever and good without being dowdy is a fact too often forgotten. Milton tells us: "To know that which before us lies in daily life is the prime wisdom," and surely these words apply as much to dress as to any other detail in the trivial round. The strong-minded woman, so-called, goes a step further, and by ignoring the changes of fashion, and adding some touch of eccentricity to her toilette, thinks to suit her appearance to her manners, which are often brusque and unpleasant. She may achieve originality in appearance, but it is at the cost of grace and beauty.

The student of Nature, as he gazes on any big crowd, can tell much of character, and even guess the calling of many of the passers-by, simply by noting the little variations in dress, where all are gowned so much after the same pattern. The coloring will be sober or gay, according to temperament. The little home-made gown, contrived so cleverly out of the least expensive materials, and the overwhelmingly gorgeous apparel of the *nouveaux riches*, each tells its own tale—the one of pluck and industry, the other of vulgarity and pride.

Almost the pleasantest thing to be noticed is that the very pretty girl invariably clothes herself in dainty garments to match her dainty face. Instinctively as the flower turns to borrow fresh color and sweetness from the sun, so do the beautiful learn to provide for the gifts Nature has bestowed upon them a fitting and harmonious setting.

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PRETTY FALL GOWN.

(Illustrated on front cover.)

Gown of ruby-red cloth, the blouse jacket having a narrow extension vest of caracul and white cloth with handsome passementerie ornaments. The turn-down collar is of caracul, edged with white cloth. The lower part of the sleeves is of black silk and the cuffs are of caracul. Bands of the same trim the skirt. Pattern, jacket, $1.50; skirt, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

HANDSOME VISITING GOWNS.

(Illustrated on page 4.)

Fig. 950.—Gown of silver-gray voile, the blouse waist having yoke and stock collar, ornamented with corded tucks, framed with a band of shirred veiling, the upper part of the sleeves also shirred to gain the sloped shoulder effect. The lower part of the waist is trimmed in box plait effect, with straps of the material, and lace medallions are set between the straps directly above the narrow velvet belt. The skirt is trimmed with straps in both zigzag and diamond effect, and the flounce shows graduated corded tucks. Lace or tapestry embroidery may be utilized for the diamonds. Pattern, waist, $1.50; skirt, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 951.—Gown of ruby-red colienne, the waist showing vertical corded tucks and a trimming in berthe effect, made with shirring, narrow black, gold and red galloon and black chantilly lace. The upper part of the sleeves show three shirred bands and the lower part is gathered into a fitted cuff. The skirt is simply and tastefully trimmed with shirred bands, galloon, chantilly insertion and appliqué. Pattern, waist, $1.50; skirt, $1.25. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 952.—Gown of black cheviot flecked with scarlet, the blouse waist having a wide box plait in front, and, just above the belt, a cluster of corded horizontal tucks. The cape-like garniture, with its extension point in front, as well as the odd cuffs, are of white broadcloth, ornamented with black and scarlet discs and small embroidered dots. The gored skirt has a corded yoke, panel front and inverted plaits at the bottom. Stitching adds to the further decoration. Pattern, waist, $1.50; skirt, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

FOR CHURCH OR CALLING.

(Illustrated on page 6.)

Fig. 927.—Gown of biscuit broadcloth, the blouse waist arranged in box plaits, trimmed with velvet bands in a deeper shade, embroidered with biscuit and pale-blue silks; between the plaits is a lacing of biscuit cord; the vest and round yoke remain plain. Very odd is the arrangement of tucks which appear on the fronts near the shoulders and on the inside of the sleeve. The skirt is tucked at the top and is cut with a flounce, also tucked; the trimming consists of embroidered bands and cord. Pattern, waist, $1.25; skirt, $1.25. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 928.—Costume of royal-blue broadcloth, the waist showing horizontal tucks and a narrow vest effect, trimmed with velvet ribbon. The trimming consists of bands of beige cloth, embroidered in three shades of blue, and the girdle and turn-down collar are of blue velvet. Tucks are also the distinguishing feature of the skirt, which has a panel front, framed with embroidered bands. Pattern, waist, $1.50; skirt, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 929.—Costume of oyster-gray broadcloth, the belted skirt jacket having double tab fronts, trimmed with stitching and fancy turquoise and silver buttons. The deep collar, which is notched in front, is of royal-blue velvet, edged with cloth bands, and the bell sleeves have corded tucks. The skirt is cut with a narrow flounce and a double box plait panel front. Stitching forms the only garniture, in addition to fancy buttons. Double box plaits also appear in the back of the skirt. Pattern, jacket, $1.50; skirt, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

FOR THE FIRST COOL DAYS.

(Illustrated on page 8.)

Fig. 631.—Costume of pale tan cloth. The jacket is cut with tab fronts, has a short basque and a narrow velvet belt. The jacket is made without a collar and shows a new yoke effect, together with a trimming of passementerie rosettes and card tassels. The sleeves show a wide stitched box plait and a deep brown velvet cuff. The skirt is cut in a very novel manner, combining flounce as well as box plait effect. Pattern, jacket, $1.25; skirt, $1.25. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 632.—Costume of beige cheviot. The belted blouse jacket is cut without a collar, has tab fronts, but belted sides and back. A triple collar trimming comes at the neck, in addition to a flat collar trimming of brown velvet, edged with cheviot straps. Velvet tabs, edged with cloth and trimmed with passementerie buttons and tassels ornament the fronts. The sleeves are full just above the brown velvet cuff. The skirt is cut with a panel front and is trimmed with folds of cloth, running upward in back. Pattern, jacket, $1.25; skirt, $1.25. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 633.—Costume of dark-red cloth, belted jacket, cut without a collar, but having a narrow vest, buttoned in the center and trimmed with stitching. The tab fronts are ornamented with black velvet bands, edged with stitched cloth straps, in addition to cord tassels. Velvet epaulettes define the shoulders. The sleeves are cut in parts, trimmed with stitching, and completed with fitted cuffs. The skirt shows fan-shaped plaits at the bottom, with a trimming of velvet straps and tassels. Pattern, jacket, $1.25; skirt, $1.25. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

ELEGANT BALL GOWNS.

(Illustrated on page 10.)

Fig. 921.—Gown of light-blue peau de soie, the décolleté waist, made with a plaited front and a handsome chiffon and lace berthe, the sleeves being made of lace ruffles. The skirt has a graduated flounce, tucked at the top and headed with a band of blue silk, embroidered with black and gold, similar bands framing the plaited panel front. Pattern, waist, $1.25; skirt, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 922.—Gown of white embroidered mousseline de soie over a taffeta foundation, the blouse waist and skirt showing a garniture of pale-blue, black and gold galloon. The low-necked corsage is completed with a berthe of three ruffles, each edged with velvet ribbon, the sleeves being made to match. The skirt is cut with a flounce, trimmed with embroidered appliqué, matching the galloon, and is headed with a lace ruching. Pattern, waist, $1.25; skirt, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 923.—Gown of Du Barry pink liberty silk, made with a plaited waist, trimmed with lace and chiffon rosettes; the skirt is plaited in groups, divided with lace insertion, and the double chiffon flounce is trimmed with lace jabots and chiffon roses. Pattern, waist, $1.25; skirt, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

DAINTY TAFFETA WAISTS.

(Illustrated on page 12.)

Fig. 603.—Taffeta waist, with new yoke effect, trimmed with stitching and velvet diamonds. The lower part is arranged in clusters of side and box plaits, and buttons add to the further decoration. Just at the elbow the sleeves show a cluster of horizontal tucks. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 604.—Waist of pink taffeta, with deep tucked effects and scroll trimming. Below the tucks the waist is trimmed with narrow ruffles, which are edged with fancy pink and black braid and stitching. The sleeves are tucked at the top, spring out into puffs at the elbow and are completed with tucked cuffs. Pattern, $1.25. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 605.—Waist of royal-blue taffeta, with box plait effect; at the top, at either side of the fly front, are narrow inserted bands of bias tucked silk, and straps of roval-blue velvet, with colored silk embroidery trim the waist as well as collar and sleeves. The sleeves are tucked and open to show a narrow panel of dark blue. Pattern, $1.25. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 606.—Waist of white taffeta, with new plait effect; the bolero-shaped part of plain silk is trimmed with white silk beading, threaded with velvet ribbon, and particular attention is called to the new sleeve with its plaited upper and plain lower part. The cuff is made entirely of beading and velvet ribbon. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

FOR THE LEISURE HALF HOUR.

(Illustrated on page 14.)

Fig. 561.—Tea gown of pale-blue surah, cut with panel front, which is trimmed with embroidered straps in pointed effect. The waist and skirt are trimmed with groups of three narrow ruffles, edged with stitching. Straps of embroidery in a dainty floral pattern outline the panel front and also garnish collar and sleeve. The collar and the upper part of the sleeves are tucked and the lower part of the sleeves consists of four deep frills. The back is arranged in Watteau effect. Pattern, tea gown, $2.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 562.—Tea gown of pink Louisine made in princess effect and trimmed with rich lace insertion. The neck is adorned with a fichu of folded silk, edged with a ruffle of liberty silk, which also forms the cascade down the front and the ruffle around the bottom. The bell sleeves are trimmed with lace and a liberty silk ruffle. Pattern tea gown, $2.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 563.—Tea gown of cream taffeta, cut with fitted sides, Watteau back and loose front. The yoke is made of tucked taffeta and is framed with a drapery of mousseline de soie, which ends in a rosette. Lace insertion trims the panel front and three flounces adorn the sides only. The sleeves have lace caps and end in deep lace frills. A black velvet bow gives the necessary note of contrast. Pattern, tea gown, $2.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

GOWNS OF PLAIN AND FIGURED CLOTHS.

(Illustrated on page 16.)

Fig. 956.—Gown of light gray camel's hair zibeline, with blouse waist, having two loose strap extensions in front and short tabs that button alternately. Velvet straps and diamonds furnish the trimming. Over the shoulders are triple epaulettes, ornamented with bands of

tapestry embroidery. The sleeves are tucked at the top, spring out into full puffs and are gathered into fitted cuffs, strapped with velvet. The skirt is cut with a graduated flounce, tucked at the sides and back, but leaving the front plain in panel effect, framed with straps of the goods narrow at the top, but widening toward the bottom. Velvet ribbon and diamonds form the garniture. Pattern, waist, $1.25; skirt, $1.25. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 957.—Costume of beige and brown plaid figured with dark-brown velvet dots. The waist blouses over a velvet girdle and has a small yoke of écru peau de cygne, ornamented with lace insertion and framed with brown velvet bands. Irish crochet lace forms the trimming on the fronts and sleeves, in addition to silk tassels. The skirt is made with clusters of inverted plaits held down just below the knees with lace fastened in the center round velvet appliqué. Pattern, waist, $1.25; skirt, $1.25. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 958.—Gown of royal-blue satin cloth, the waist trimmed in bolero effect, with shaped bands of the cloth, fastened only at the top in ruffle effect and trimmed with lace insertion and velvet ribbon. The cape collar is supplemented with a Vandyke lace collar, the front of the waist is trimmed with laced velvet ribbon and the sleeves are almost covered with horizontal bands of velvet. The skirt is cut with a panel front and has a series of graduated flounces, trimmed with lace and ribbon, at the sides and back. Pattern, waist, $1.50; skirt, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

SMART STREET COSTUMES.

(Illustrated on page 17.)

Fig. 924.—Costume of blue zibeline, the Eton jacket made with new tab fronts, loose at the bottom, where they are trimmed with handsomely embroidered white cloth, the yoke and cuffs being of similar embroidered cloth. Fancy light-blue braid, with a black diamond pattern, furnishes the further trimming. The sleeves are slashed to show inset puffs of light-blue chiffon, framed with braid. The skirt shows a triple flounce effect, edged with braid and ornamented with buttons. Pattern, jacket, $1.25; skirt, $1.25. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 925.—Costume of camel's hair zibeline, the fronts of the fitted jacked turning back in revers, faced with white peau de soie, laid in narrow box plaits, and ornamented with Mechlin lace appliqué; beyond the revers are rows of small buttons and beyond these narrow plaits, piped with white, and the berthe is also made of folds, piped with white; the vest and yoke are made of velvet straps, joined with fagotting, and the collar is of white embroidered peau de soie; the sleeves are fitted at the top and have very novel cuffs. The skirt is arranged in double box plaits, headed with velvet straps and buttons. Pattern, jacket, $1.50; skirt, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 926.—Costume of beige broadcloth, the fitted corsage to be worn without a jacket and made with a loose tab front; the yoke is of cream liberty silk and narrow velvet galloon, and the fancy revers are of tapestry embroidery galloon and velvet straps. Passementerie buttons and tassels add to the further adornment, and the bell sleeves are completed with white silk puffs matching the yoke. The yoke skirt is plaited in clusters, has a panel front and is trimmed with stitching and passementerie. Pattern, waist, $1.50; skirt, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

SEASONABLE DEMI TAILOR-MADES.

(Illustrated on page 20.)

Fig. 618.—Costume of tan cloth made with a belted blouse jacket, having slot seams and cut without a collar. The vest is of contrasting color and fastens invisibly in the center. The double cape collar is completed with a brown velvet collar-shaped trimming, edged with a stitched fold of cloth. The short basque is cut into slashes. The sleeves form a puff, which is open at the lower edge, and is bordered with a band of the same material as the vest. Passementerie buttons and card tassels add to the further ornamentation. The skirt has slot seams and is otherwise trimmed to match the jacket. Pattern, jacket, $1.50; skirt, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 619.—Gown of light-brown cloth, the belted blouse jacket cut with a new collar-shaped trimming of brown velvet, edged with narrow Oriental galloon. The double-breasted vest is scarlet cloth and the odd revers fasten with passementerie buttons and cord tassels. The sleeves have slot seams, like the jacket, and terminate in fitted gauntlet cuffs. The skirt is cut with a narrow panel front and tabs that fasten with ornamental buttons over a series of shaped bands in tuck effect. Pattern, jacket, $1.50; skirt, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 620.—Gown of deep-red cloth made with a double-breasted blouse jacket, having turn-down velvet collar, cut with tabs. Velvet epaulettes define the shoulders. Narrow colored galloon edges all the velvet trimming, also the belt and the straps on the skirt. The latter is gored and has an inverted plait back. Pattern, jacket, $1.50; skirt, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

SUGGESTIONS FOR FALL.

(Illustrated on page 21.)

Fig. 589.—Gown of gray cloth made with belted blouse jacket, trimmed with graduated straps of cloth, also forming a triple collar effect, which are ornamented with stitching and edged with narrow fancy braid. The turn-over collar and cuffs are inlaid with aluminum-gray velvet, and velvet of the same shade embroidered with blue and pale-gray silks forms the trimming on the fronts. The skirt is trimmed with cloth straps and tassels, below which is a plait effect, and three rows of narrow velvet ribbon appear at the bottom. Pattern, jacket, $1.50; skirt, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 590.—Gown of Bordeaux-red cloth; the double-breasted blouse jacket is trimmed in collar effect with black silk braid, and cloth straps, edged with narrow black braid, furnish the further garniture. Jacket and skirt are cut with slot seams and the inevitable cord tassels are, of course, not lacking. Pattern, jacket, $1.50; skirt, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 591.—Gown of dark-beige cheviot. The belted blouse jacket is cut in sections, each section piped with black velvet and ornamented with stitching and buttons. The narrow coat collar is of brown velvet. The same idea of cutting in sections is followed in the skirt, which has a plain panel front, extending into a flounce. Piping and stitching form the decoration. Pattern, jacket, $1.50; skirt, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

NOVELTIES IN CLOTH SKIRTS.

(Illustrated on page 22.)

Fig. S275.—Cloth skirt, trimmed with straps of the goods piped with velvet and drawn through slashes, below which the material forms box plaits. Several rows of machine stitching decorate the edge. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. S276.—Cloth skirt, cut with panel front, the fulness around the bottom forming side plaits; it is trimmed with straps of the goods, edged with a narrow braid, and stitching. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. S277.—Skirt of royal-blue etamine, trimmed with wide folds in tuck effect; the center seam in back is defined with a strap of the goods, edged with fancy braid and ornamented with buttons. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. S278.—Cloth skirt, with new flounce effect, showing inverted plaits, the upper part being cut with scallops, edged with fancy braid and trimmed with stitching. A narrow panel front gives height to the wearer. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. S279.—Cloth skirt, cut with box plaits, stitched down to within a short distance of the bottom and trimmed with straps of the goods, edged with narrow braid or piping. Passementerie buttons and tassels add to the further decoration. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

COSTUMES OF ZIBELINE AND PLAIN CLOTH.

(Illustrated on page 24.)

Fig. 953.—Costume of camel's hair zibeline, made with a jaunty

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bolero, which opens over a vest of corded silk of the same shade as the material, and similar silk is used for the sleeve puffs, the sleeves of the zibeline terminating at the elbow. Straps of plain cloth, with oblong, lozenge-shaped pieces where the straps lap, form the trimming, in addition to a cape collar of embroidered white cloth. A black velvet ribbon drawn through buckles extends down each side of the bolero. The skirt is trimmed with straps of zibeline and white cloth. Pattern, jacket, $1.25; skirt, $1.25. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 954.—Costume of fancy silk and wool suiting, with a tucked blouse waist, completed with a deep cape collar, cut in sections, corded, and trimmed with tapestry galloon. The sleeves are fitted at the top and are completed with deep fitted cuffs. The skirt is cut with a slightly gathered flounce, headed with a wide band of corded material and trimmed with tapestry galloon. Pattern, waist, $1.25; skirt, $1.25. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 955.—Costume of aluminum-gray broadcloth, the blouse waist showing three box plaits, in front of which the two outer ones are ornamented with buttons. A deep collar of white peau de soie, edged with Irish crochet lace, completes the garniture. The sleeves have fitted cap-shaped pieces at the top, and are puffed just above the wide fitted cuff. The skirt is cut with a deep flounce, tucked vertically at the top and horizontally at the bottom, and has a panel front, ornamented with buttons. Pattern, waist, $1.25; skirt, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

FALL FANCIES IN FLANNEL WAISTS.

(Illustrated on page 26.)

Fig 588.—Waist of white flannel cut with slot seams, and fastening under a double fly in front. It is trimmed with stitched straps of flannel, edged with fancy black and white braid, in yoke and vest effect, soutache braid and small buttons. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

Fig. 589.—Waist of red flannel, cut with box plaits and fastening under a double fly front. The straps on the sleeves, as well as the lapped collar trimming, are of black goods, edged with a narrow black and red braid. The sleeves are also box plaited and are completed with tucked cuffs. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 590.—Flannel waist, cut with double fly front, ornamented with buttons. The fronts have slot seams and strap trimming. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

Fig. 591.—Flannel waist, cut with new blouse front and slot seams. The garniture consists of straps, trimmed with stitching and buttons. Velvet straps adorn collar and cuffs. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

DRESSY SILK AND NET SKIRTS.

(Illustrated on page 28.)

Fig. S290.—Skirt of black peau de cygne, with clusters of tucks and an inverted plait flounce; between the top and the flounce is a band of plain cloth, edged on both sides with Mechlin insertion. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. S291.—Skirt of peau de cygne, with yoke effect and tucked panel front, outlined with bands of "filet" lace; folds of silk in imitation of tucks trim the sides and back, which is made with inverted plaits. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. S292.—Skirt of black point d'esprit, cut with a flounce, trimmed with narrow ruffles, edged with black velvet ribbon. The skirt itself is trimmed with velvet straps drawn through lace rings and a band of lace insertion outlines the flounce. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. S293.—Seventeen-gored taffeta skirt, entirely box plaited and trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon. Pattern, $2.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. S294.—Skirt of peau de soie, with new inset panel effect, trimmed with stitching, piping and narrow velvet ribbon. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

CHEVIOT AND SERGE FROCKS.

(Illustrated on page 30.)

Fig. 945.—Frock of navy-blue cheviot, the blouse waist made with a deep cape collar, edged with velvet ribbon: the vest and the round yoke effect as well as the cuffs are of beige cheviot, trimmed with black soutache and small buttons. The skirt is trimmed with narrow folds in tuck effect and velvet straps. Pattern, frock, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 946.—Frock of blue serge, the jacket cut without a collar, in the new "coffee" coat effect; it has inverted plaits and a yoke effect, with small pockets on the fronts, and is trimmed with piping and stitching. The sleeves have inverted tucks and are gathered into narrow fitted cuffs. The skirt has a panel front and is trimmed with three graduated ruffles. Pattern, frock, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 947.—Frock of brown serge, the loose "coffee" coat made with a new yoke effect, tab fronts and inverted plaits, the edges being finished with bands of light biscuit cloth. Groups of velvet buttons add to the further decoration. The skirt is box plaited, the front gore apparently turning back in revers, and all edges are bordered with bands of the light cloth. If liked the light bands may also be of chamois leather. Pattern, frock, $1.25. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 948.—Frock of ruby-red cheviot, the blouse jacket showing box plaits, and a turn-down collar, cut in one with the revers, which fall over a velvet band, edged with straps of white cheviot, whose ends cross in front and back and are fastened with buttons. The skirt is box plaited and the front is trimmed with three straps of light cloth. Pattern, frock, $1.25. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 949.—Frock of tan cheviot, the box plaited "coffee" coat cut without a collar and trimmed around the neck and down the front with tapestry galloon; the cape collar and the lower edge of the jacket show rows of machine stitching. The skirt is arranged in box plaits at intervals around the sides and back. Pattern, frock, $1.25. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra. Separately, jacket, 75 cents; skirt, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra each.

MADE OF CHEVIOT AND SCOTCH WOOLENS.

(Illustrated on page 32.)

Fig. 940.—Frock of fancy striped Scotch woolen, the waist having a new double box plait front effect, pouching over the belt; it is simply trimmed with bretelles of light cloth, ornamented with stitching and passementerie buttons, with tassels. The sleeves and the skirt are arranged in stitched box plaits, the latter trimmed with three rows of narrow velvet ribbon. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 941.—Frock of Vandyke brown cheviot, the waist and skirt tucked in clusters, and ornamented with diamonds of embroidered white cloth. The sleeves are also tucked and are gathered into narrow tucked cuffs. On the skirt the clusters of tucks from inverted plaits at the bottom, where several rows of stitching add to the further garniture. Pattern, frock, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra. Separately, waist, 75 cents; skirt, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra each.

Fig. 942.—Frock of Scotch woolen in a pretty heather mixture, the blouse waist, made with a yoke of tucked cream cloth and trimmed with squares of embroidered cream cloth and straps of same. Collar and cuffs are of embroidered cloth, and the skirt, which is arranged in inverted plaits at the bottom is trimmed with straps. Around the bottom is a band of cream cloth, with three rows of velvet ribbon. Pattern, frock, $1.25. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra. Separately, waist, 75 cents; skirt, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra each.

Fig. 943.—Frock of royal-blue cheviot, the fronts of the blouse waist opening over a vest of cream liberty silk; the yoke is plain and is trimmed with fancy braid and soutache, and the revers are faced with embroidered chamois leather. Stitched box plaits are the other special features of this simple and pretty little frock. Pattern, frock, $1.25. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 944.—Frock of blue and red mixed woolen goods, the blouse waist box plaited and mounted on a tucked yoke of cream taffeta, framed with stitched straps of the same, ornamented at the shoulders with passementerie buttons and tassels. The box plaited sleeves have deep fitted cuffs of taffeta and the skirt is trimmed at the bottom with three rows of velvet ribbon of graduated width. The dress closes in back. Pattern, frock, $1.25. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

GIRLS' LONG COATS.

(Illustrated on page 34.)

Fig. 562.—Black velvet coat, cut with new storm collar and revers, both edged with stitched straps of contrasting color. The fronts, near the shoulder, are laid in a shallow fold, stitched down, and the back is cut with a box plait. A narrow belt fastens with a buckle in front and the sleeves are completed with cuffs and ornamental buttons. Pattern, coat, $1.25. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 563.—Double-breasted cloth coat, trimmed at the bottom with two narrow-shaped ruffles, ornamented with stitching. Over the shoulders are bretelles of plaid cloth, edged with stitched straps of plain cloth, and plaid cloth is also used for the cuffs and for the facing of the storm collar. Straps of plain cloth trim both back and fronts. Pattern, coat, $1.25. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 564.—Coat of pale-tan cloth, double-breasted, trimmed with stitching and straps. At the shoulders it is cut with a cap effect, ornamented with velvet and buttons and the cuffs are trimmed to match. The turn-down collar is trimmed with velvet, cloth straps and stitching. Pattern, coat, $1.25. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 565.—Coat of royal-blue cloth, double-breasted, and trimmed with cloth straps. Cuffs of velvet and revers inlaid with same. Pattern, coat, $1.25. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 566.—Cloth coat, oddly trimmed with cloth straps and velvet ribbon. The large sailor collar is made of velvet, with lace Vandykes and an inset band of embroidered cloth; the facing of the collar is also velvet, as are the bell cuffs, which show narrow lace trimming, matching that on the collar. A narrow velvet band trims the center of the belt. Pattern, coat, $1.25. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

FOR THE LITTLE TOTS.

(Illustrated on page 36.)

Fig. 930.—Frock of blue and white plaid silk, with box plaited waist, having yoke and vest of white embroidered batiste, the berthe being of white peau de soie, with blue

(Continued on page 49.)

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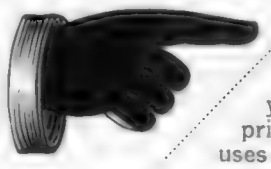

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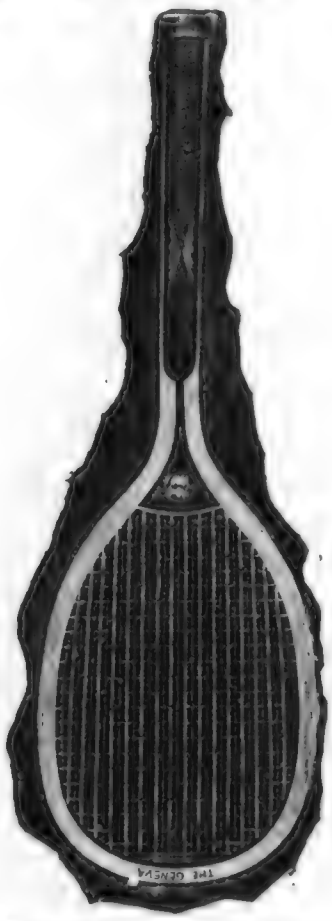

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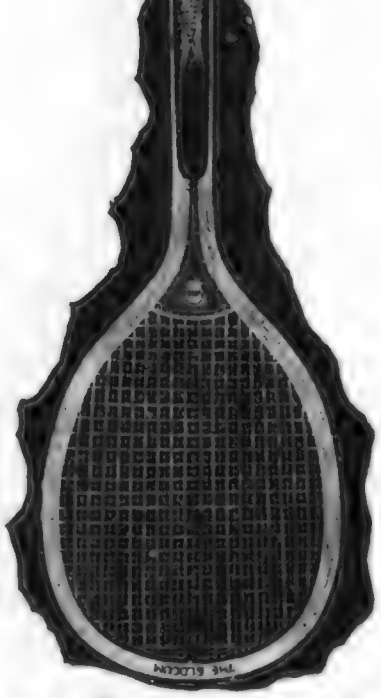

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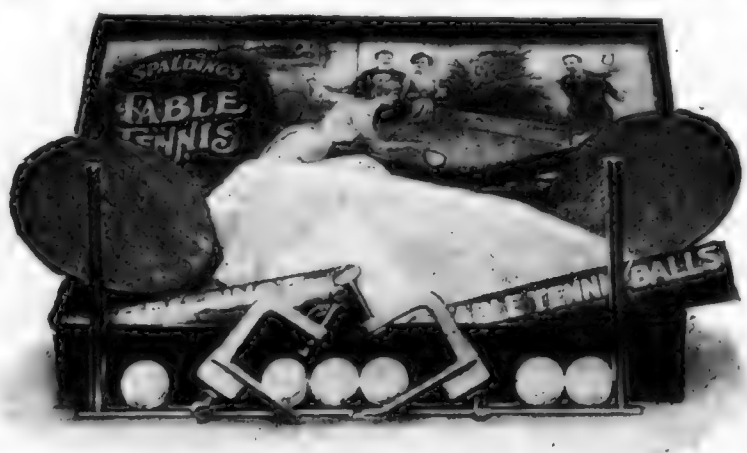

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DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(Continued from page 46.)

stitching. A narrow inset panel of batiste trims the skirt in front and the deep hem is outlined with black velvet ribbon, which is also used to fasten the edges of the fronts. Pattern, frock, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 931.—Frock of white liberty silk, gathered to a pointed yoke, which is trimmed with lace insertion and bordered with a berthe, tucked in clusters. Lace insertion trims the sleeves, and the skirt shows clusters of tucks, in addition to an embroidered silk ruffle. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 932.—Frock of royal-blue taffeta, the blouse waist fastening diagonally with clusters of tucks on the overlapping side. The yoke and lower part of the sleeves are of écru lace over écru taffeta, and blue velvet with a lattice of white taffeta straps trims the edges. The sleeves are laid in horizontal plaits, with a velvet strap on the inside seam. The skirt is side-plaited, and the girdle is made of velvet. Pattern, frock, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 933.—Frock of white silk mull, the blouse waist tucked diagonally; the yoke is of tucked mull, edged with bands and ruffle of embroidered mull, and clusters of tucks appear on the full sleeves. The center of blouse and skirt is defined by a band of embroidery. Pattern, frock, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 934.—Frock of blue and white plaid cashmere, the blouse waist and skirt trimmed with bands of embroidered white cashmere; yoke and stock collar are of white tucked taffeta and white taffeta is also used for the cuffs. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

GIRLS' SCHOOL FROCKS.

(Illustrated on page 38.)

Fig. 935.—Frock of dark-red cloth, waist and skirt having slot seams; the yoke is of tucked cloth, framed with a stitched strap, and the box plait in the center of the front is adorned with embroidered diamonds. The belt, cuffs and trimming of the skirt consists of black velvet. Pattern, frock, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 936.—Frock of beige Henrietta cloth, with box plait effect; the deep collar is of blue velvet, edged with a stitched strap, and similar velvet is used for the stock collar, cuffs and band around the bottom of the skirt. The latter is arranged in box plaits, stitched down to within a few inches of the bottom. Pattern, frock, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 937.—Frock of beige and brown mixed goods, with side plaited waist and skirt. Yoke, stock collar and cuffs are of beige tucked taffeta, the former framed with a band of tapestry embroidery. The skirt is edged with a wide band of beige cloth, showing three rows of brown velvet ribbon, and the narrow belt is also of brown velvet. Pattern, frock, $1.25. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra each. Separately, waist, 75 cents; skirt, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra each.

Fig. 938.—Frock of tan albatross, the blouse waist made with slot seams, and having a tucked yoke, framed with double bretelles, ornamented with stitching; cord passementerie adds to the further garniture, and the center of front and back is made with a box plait. The sleeves also have slot seams and are completed with fitted cuffs, ornamented with stitched straps. The front panel of the skirt is laid in wide tucks and the sides and back are trimmed with narrow-shaped ruffles, edged with stitching. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 939.—Frock of red serge, the blouse waist and skirt trimmed with black velvet straps and buckles. The fronts and sleeves show slot seams, and the skirt has inverted plaits at the bottom, which are graduated to meet the velvet straps. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

* * *

WOMEN AND CLOTHES.

One of the feminine propensities for which men express a hearty detestation is the inclination evinced by most women for what may be called cloth talk. In public places of all kinds, churches not excepted, men aver that where two or more women are grouped there inevitably will the ears of the helpless passerby or the ear of the theater neighbor be assailed by gossip about materials and cuts. Even intelligent women—college bred ones—have this same frenzy for perpetual dwelling upon the wherewithal with which they shall be clothed, so that contiguity to pairs or groups of women is something to be avoided if one would escape boredom.

It must be admitted that the charges of the men are not libels. Most women do talk and think about clothing to an extent that leaves comparatively little time for the serious consideration of other subjects. But, given the conditions of social life as they exist to-day, it is not clear how less time could be given to the matter. The unwritten law for women in every grade of life is that they shall be ornamented, and, albeit the majority of women, because of circumstance and native endowment, fail utterly to attain this ideal, they are not freed from the obligation to strive to fulfil their decorative destiny. At every turn—unless their tent be pitched in the wilderness—are they reminded that, whatever their mental attainments, it is expected of them that they shall take an interest in dress, and the woman who refuses to do so is regarded as unwomanly and dowdy.

Pictorial Review

OCTOBER, 1902

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SEP 8 1902

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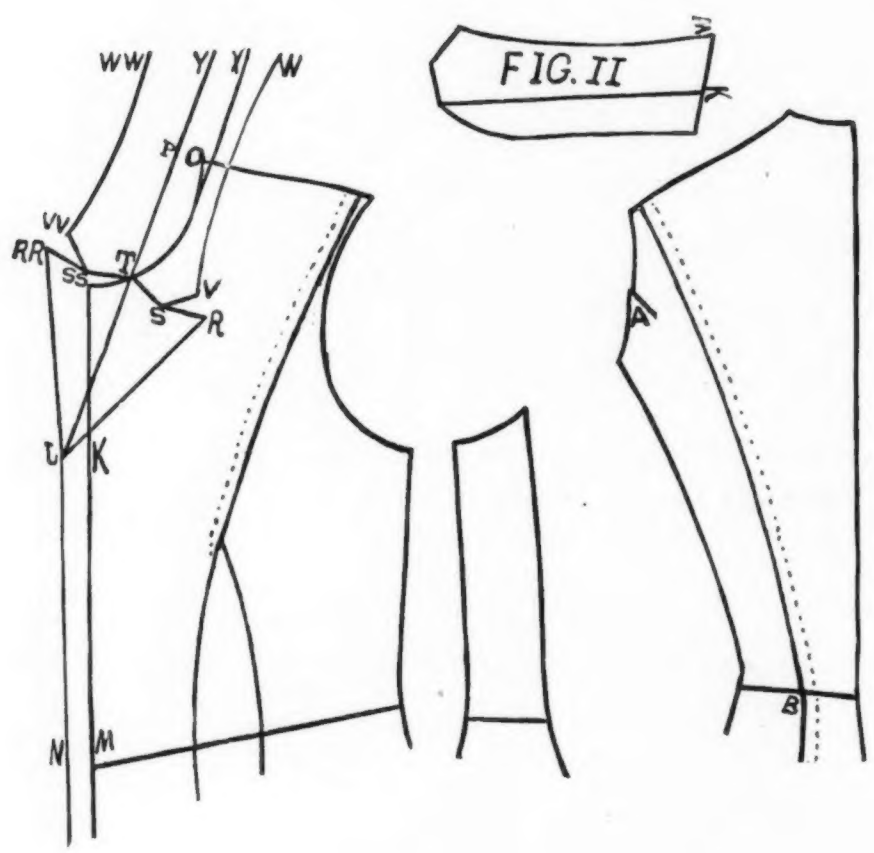

This jacket is made tight fitting and extends below the waist line about three inches in the back; two inches over the hip and three inches in the front. It has a piece of piping or a fold of goods stitched over the dart seam and extends up the front, crossing the shoulder at the top edge of the sleeve and continues down the back, as shown in the cut.

THE BACK.

Set the system to the measures and draft the back in the regular way, except the circle seam, mark only the sewing line at the armhole at A and at the waist line at B. Next take the sidebody piece and place it so the sewing line of the circle seam and the armhole will meet the circle seam of the back at A and have the circle seam and waist line meet at B, then draft the sidebody in the regular way. This will give you the back and sidebody in one piece and do away with the circle seam. The strap or piping will come about where the sidebody joins the back at the waist line. The underarm piece is drafted separate and in the regular way.

THE FRONT.

To draft a tight fitting front with one dart, we first set the system to a plain two dart waist, then move the top of the first dart to the left as far as it will go, also at the waist and the hip; next move the top of the second dart to about Fig. 9, or so it stands about straight. This throws the two darts into one and you will find it will give you a little too much fullness at the bust. To get rid of this fullness, take about two sizes off at the 12th place and the same amount at the 16th place. Draft the front in the regular way, using only the sewing lines. Do not use the curve front. Measure from K to L and from M to N 1½ inches and draw line L, N. Now decide how far above the bust you desire the rever to come and make a mark; next measure from O to P ¾ inches and draw line L, Y; this will be the fold line in the rever and collar. Draw line from L to R, from R to S and from S to T. The line from S to T must always join the fold line where it crosses the sewing line of the neck. Draw line S, V and curve slightly from V to W. This will give you the exact shape of your collar and rever as it will appear on the coat when finished. Place a piece of paper under this draft and with a tracing wheel trace line Y, L, R, S, T; S, V and V, W. Cut this pattern out exactly on the tracing lines, except from S to T. Lay this pattern on the draft so the straight edge will come to line L, Y and trace around the outside and from SS to T, as shown on the cut. This gives you the collar and rever all in one piece and it will be necessary to place a piece of paper under this draft and trace off the collar; this is done by tracing from WW to VV to SS to T; from T trace around the sewing line of the neck and on to X; trace from T to Y. This gives you the collar, as shown in Fig. II, and E, K is the fold line. It will be necessary to allow ½ inch seams all around this pattern, as no seams have been allowed.

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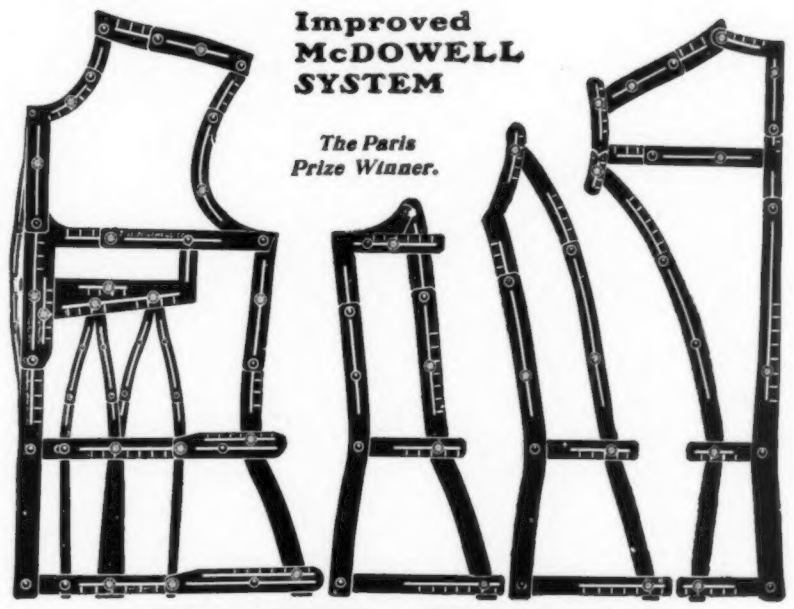

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